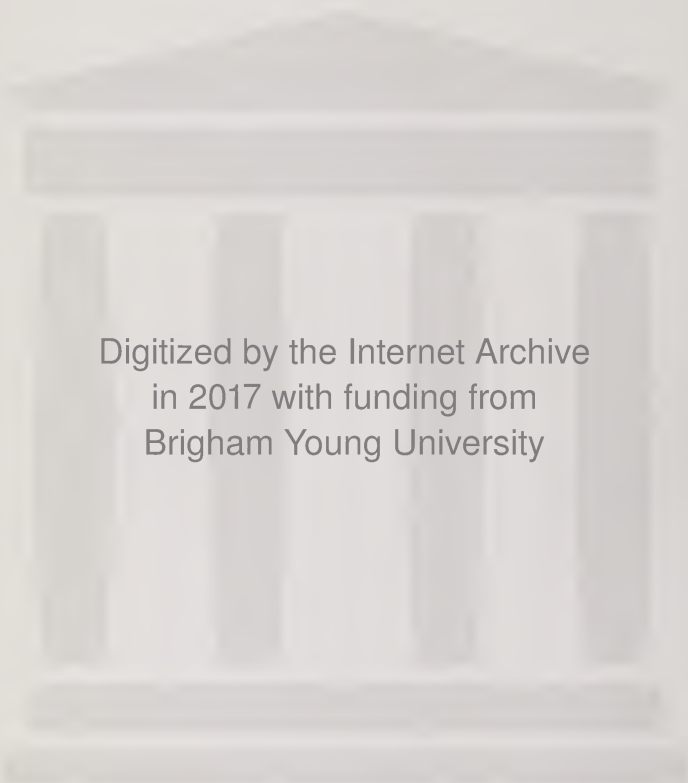


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ESSEX INSTITUTE

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

VOLUME XXX.

SALEM, MASS.

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1893.

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HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
OF THE
ESSEX INSTITUTE.

VOL. XXX. JAN, FEB., MAR., 1893. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

COLUMBUS DAY IN SALEM.

CONTRIBUTED BY WM. A. MOWRY, PH.D.

THE twenty-first day of October, 1892, was celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the United States as "Columbus Day" or "Discovery Day." This date was agreed upon as the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The date of his discovery, according to the calendar of that day, was October 12th, *O. S.* This date was in accordance with what was known as the Julian calendar. For many centuries preceding the Christian era the calendars of the different countries had fallen into great confusion. In the time of Julius Cæsar the civil date differed from the astronomical equinox by nearly three months. This powerful ruler resolved on a thorough reform. The Julian year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days, which differed

from the true solar year by something over eleven minutes. The consequence of this error was that the vernal equinox in the course of a few hundred years fell back sensibly toward the beginning of the year. In the time of Julius Cæsar the vernal equinox occurred on the twenty-fifth of March. In the sixteenth century it had retrograded to the eleventh. The calendar was reformed by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582. Under the Julian calendar, every year divisible by four consisted of three hundred and sixty-six days, the other years of three hundred and sixty-five days. The reform that Gregory made was, first to suppress ten days in the calendar, and then to order that thereafter every one hundredth year, except those divisible by four hundred, should not be leap years, that is, they should consist each of three hundred and sixty-five days. This very simple correction of the calendar soon went into effect in most of the countries of Europe. Stated exactly, this rule is as follows :—

THE GREGORIAN RULE.

1. Every year not divisible by four shall consist of three hundred and sixty-five days.
2. Every year divisible by four and not by one hundred shall consist of three hundred and sixty-six days.
3. Every year divisible by one hundred and not by four hundred shall consist of three hundred and sixty-five days.
4. Every year divisible by four hundred shall consist of three hundred and sixty-six days.

After correcting the calendar by the suppression of ten days the only changes that have yet occurred whereby this Gregorian calendar differs from what the Julian calendar would have given us have been in the omission by the new calendar of one day in the year 1700 and one day in

the year 1800. This calendar will omit one day more in the year 1900. The next change will then occur in the year 2100. The present calendar is really perfect. Following this calendar the error from the absolute length of the year will amount to only one day in about two thousand years.

The empire of Russia has followed to this day the Julian calendar, consequently her date to-day differs from ours by twelve days. For example, our Christmas day, December 25, occurs on what Russia calls December 13, and she celebrates her Christmas, December 25, *O. S.*, on the day which we call January 6.

In reckoning from the time of Columbus, however, we must bear in mind that the reform of the calendar by which Pope Gregory dropped ten days, was made after the year 1500, that is, 1582. Had this change been made in 1492 it would have been necessary to suppress but nine days. In correcting the error which existed at the time of the discovery by Columbus, therefore, we have to add only nine days to bring his October twelfth to what would have been at that time the proper date, namely, October twenty-first. It seemed necessary to a clear understanding of the reason of placing this date of discovery on the twenty-first of October to give thus briefly an explanation of the change of date from old style to new.

It is certainly very natural and may be considered necessary that America should celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this continent. The great International Exposition of human industry, skill and advancement will take place at Chicago in 1893, but the official opening of the exposition occurred on Discovery Day, October 21, 1892.

It was deemed advisable and appropriate that this Discovery Day should be properly observed as a holiday

throughout the country. To this end the President issued his proclamation and the Governors of the various states issued theirs. By common consent, all parts of the country agreed that the celebration in the forenoon should be given up to the school children, and the afternoon and evening to military and civic processions and parades, orations and the like.

Here we have to record a perfectly unique observance, such as neither this country nor any other had ever before beheld in the history of the world. For its clear understanding an explanation will be necessary.

Our American system of public education is the most distinctively "American" of all our institutions. The fundamental principle of the American system of schools is that all the children must receive such an education as will qualify them for the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship. To accomplish this it is necessary that the property of the state shall be taxed to educate the children of the state. This institution began at an early date in New England and later was established throughout the great northwest, largely by emigrants from New England. It was not, until after our late Civil War that the institution of public schools for all came to be established in all of the states. It is now true, however, that every state and every organized territory in our entire country has firmly established and under supervision a system of public schools for all the children. It came to pass, therefore, that on the twenty-first of October, 1892, Discovery Day or Columbus Day was celebrated by appropriate exercises in schools of all grades, in all the states and territories, in every section of this great country. This was nothing less than the sublime spectacle of three hundred and fifty-thousand teachers and thirteen-million pupils joining simultaneously in a celebration of the progress made on

this continent during the last four centuries by the people who came hither from Europe and their descendants. This celebration was characterized by more than usual uniformity in its exercises. Songs of a patriotic character were sung by the pupils. Declamations and recitations were given by the boys and girls and appropriate addresses were made to them by distinguished citizens and officials. This celebration by the schools, it will be observed, had several striking characteristics :

1. The unusual uniformity of the exercises wherever the event was celebrated.

2. The broad, patriotic character of these exercises.

3. The extended territory throughout which the celebration took place, viz., from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Lakes, a country of more than three million square miles.

4. The immense number of teachers, officers, parents and children engaged in the celebration.

In the heartiness and unanimity of sentiment with which all the people entered into this celebration probably few cities surpassed the city of Salem. In many places the arrangements for the day were complicated and rendered difficult by a diversity of counsels and a variety of committees. Salem was fortunate in that all the arrangements on the part of the city authorities were entrusted to a single committee which represented the different branches of the city government. The mayor sent a message simultaneously to the board of aldermen, common council and school committee, suggesting the appointment of a joint committee, whose duty it should be to take the entire charge of the celebration for the day,—morning, afternoon and evening,—inviting, at the same time, the coöperation of committees from the Board of Trade, societies, associations and orders of whatever sort and nature. The

plan proposed by the mayor was adopted and the city council appropriated the sum of one thousand dollars to defray the necessary expenses.

The committee in charge of the celebration consisted of His Honor, Mayor Rantoul, chairman; Aldermen Palfray and Turner; Councilmen Brigham, Hill and Layton; Messrs. Breed, Brown, Collins, Dodge, Gaffney and Leach,—who constituted the executive committee of the school board,—and the Superintendent of Schools. This committee held frequent meetings and throughout all their deliberations the action in every instance was substantially unanimous. The committee decided first of all that the forenoon should be devoted to a celebration on the part of the schools. In the afternoon there should be a general parade, civic and military, consisting of the different branches of the city government, including the fire department, military organizations, the High School battalion, fraternal orders, associations and organizations and a general procession of the trades.

In the evening it was determined to concentrate all interest upon a great gathering at the Cadet Armory and President E. B. Andrews of Brown University was invited to be the orator of the occasion. This programme was carried out with commendable skill and unusual success.

The committee on the part of the city has already been named. The committee on the part of the Board of Trade consisted of William G. Webber, W. C. Packard, Paul B. Patten, Robin Damon, S. H. Wilkins, Henry A. Hale, Ellis H. Porter, L. E. Millea, W. F. Clark, J. B. Harding, E. H. Merrill, C. W. Reed, E. A. Mackintire, C. R. Washburn, J. C. Entwistle and Frank Cousins.

In the following account of the exercises of the day, free use has been made of the excellent reports contained in the several city newspapers. The order of the forma-

tion of the afternoon procession is given in full from the *Salem Evening News* of October 22, and the list of school exercises are quoted from a carefully prepared report in the *Salem Observer*.

EXERCISES AT THE SCHOOLS.

The President's proclamation which follows was read in all the schools :

Whereas, by a joint resolution, approved June 29, 1892, it was resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, "That the president of the United States be authorized and directed to issue a proclamation recommending to the people the observance in all their localities of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America on the 21st of October, 1892, by public demonstrations and by suitable exercises in their schools and other places of assembly ;"

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, in pursuance of the aforesaid joint resolution, do hereby appoint Friday, Oct. 21, 1892, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, as a general holiday for the people of the United States. On that day let the people so far as possible cease from toil and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer and their appreciation of the great achievements of the four completed centuries of American life.

Columbus stood in his age as the pioneer of progress and enlightenment. The system of universal education is in our age the most prominent and salutary feature of the spirit of enlightenment, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the schools be made by the people the centre of the day's demonstration. Let the national flag float over every school

house in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizenship.

In the churches and in the other places of assembly of the people let there be expressions of gratitude to divine Providence for the devout faith of the discoverer, and for the divine care and guidance which have directed our history and so abundantly blessed our people.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth.

BENJ. HARRISON.

By the President :

John W. Foster, Secretary of State.

The following selections from the Bible, prepared by the superintendent, were read in all the schools of the city :

Now the Lord said unto Abram, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. Gen. xii : 1.

By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance obeyed ; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Heb. xi : 8-10.

But I have said unto you, Ye shall inherit their land, and I will give it unto you to possess it, a land that floweth with milk and honey. I am the Lord your God, which hath separated you from other people. Lev. xx : 24.

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God : the powers that be are ordained of God. Rom. XIII : 1.

Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake ; whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. 1 Pet. II : 13-17.

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel ; thou that leadest Joseph like a flock ; thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts : look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine ; and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself. Ps. LXXX : 1-14-15.

Remember us, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people : O visit us with thy salvation ; that we may see the good of thy chosen ; that we may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation ; that we may glory with thine inheritance. Ps. CVI : 4-5.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee :

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee,
and be gracious unto thee :

The Lord lift up his countenance upon

thee, and give thee peace. Num. VI : 24-26.

HIGH SCHOOL.

A. L. GOODRICH, A.M., Principal.

Exercises held at the South Church, Chestnut St.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Reading of the President's Proclamation. | The Principal. |
| 2. Salute to the Flag — Veterans on the platform with the Colors. | |
| 3. Chorus, The Star Spangled Banner. | School and Audience. |
| 4. Scripture Selections. | The Principal. |
| 5. The Lord's Prayer in Concert. | School. |
| 6. Song, Columbus Day. | School. |
| 7. Address, The Meaning of the Four Centuries. | |
| | Master Harry H. Bennett. |
| 8. The Ode, Columbia's Banner. | Miss Ellen M. Sullivan. |
| 9. Address, The Difficulties of Columbus—Original. | |
| | Master Henry W. Hardy. |
| 10. Essay, From 1492 to 1892. | Miss Grace A. Woodbury. |
| 11. Chorus, The Pilgrim Fathers. | School. |
| 12. Addresses. | { Hon. Robert S. Rantoul. Rev. James F. Brodie. Supt. William A. Mowry. |
| 13. Closing Song, America. | School and Audience. |

REMARKS BY MAYOR RANTOUL.

The Mayor, in the course of his remarks, said :—It will be observed that the progressive and enlightened races of the world live north of the equator. Australia is an exception, but only proves the rule, since Australia is but a fragment of England broken off and planted bodily, with all of England's social and political traditions and institutions, in the southern seas. Most of the land on the earth's surface is in the northern hemisphere, and of this the portion lying in the north temperate zone has produced about all the science and poetry and philosophy and art which have contributed to the world's progress. From east to west the march has proceeded,—the star of empire intellectual as truly as political,—very strangely within these

lines,—from China and Japan, and India and Persia and Egypt and Greece and Rome,—to Spain and France and England, until it stopped at the Atlantic Ocean. Why? Think of the long ages during which human development was plodding its slow way along in the East, and all this while the American continent, in its primeval majesty, lay just where it is to-day, but hidden,—absolutely veiled from the eye of the living world,—unseen, unknown, unsuspected, awaiting the call of destiny. We have now the responsibility of moulding and governing and directing the best part of this new-world continent,—that part which lies in the north temperate zone. Do you think it was reserved all these centuries for nothing? Clearly there was design in this. It is no accident. We may not presume to fathom the purposes of Almighty Wisdom, but we may reverently ask : might not the Divine purpose have been to keep this fairest section of the earth, with its mighty rivers and inland seas,—its mines of wealth,—its teeming and almost inexhaustible soil,—for a retreat to which the well-inclined of older lands may escape from the traditional animosities of the eastern world and where they may unite upon the common footing of the brotherhood of man? At home the Greek must hate the Turk,—the Frenchman, the German,—the Hungarian, the Austrian,—the Pole, the Cossack,—and almost all of them, the Englishman, for so they are bred. But here they become Americans all,—united by a common destiny,—equals in their right and opportunity of happiness,—all avenues open to each,—and only, by some perverse determination towards evil, able to keep alive their ancestral feuds. Why waste time in hatreds when all life's fairest opportunities are beckoning them forward! If such be in any part the destiny of this continent discovered by Columbus, is it not a glorious and exalted one? Is it not enough to fill the ambition of the

best of us, that we are the chosen people, called to no less an heritage than the conduct and control of so beneficent an empire?

ADDRESS BY REV. JAMES F. BRODIE.

Only a few days ago a paper was given to the public by our distinguished Ex-Postmaster General, Hon. Thomas L. James. According to this paper it was not Christopher Columbus after all who discovered America. It was a certain Welshman by the name of Madoc who did the business. Some three hundred years or so before Columbus sailed from Palos to San Salvador, it appears that this Welsh navigator crossed the Atlantic with several ships and landed quite a number of his countrymen somewhere upon our coasts. The proof of it is in certain records that have been handed down, and in the considerable mixture of Welsh speech in certain of the Indian languages. Certainly if there be any man living who ought to know about this matter it is Mr. James for he is a Welshman himself. But however it may be, this fact still remains. If those Welshmen did discover America three hundred years before Columbus, America did not stay discovered. They did not do their work so thoroughly, but that Columbus had to come and do it over again. And that is one of the most notable things about the discovery of America by Columbus. America has stayed discovered ever since. Whatever else may or may not be said about this man, over whom there is so much difference of opinion, this much has to be said. It may be that he was not the original discoverer of this continent of ours; it may be that he never meant to find a new world, and never knew that he had done it; the fact still stands, that since he made his discovery, America has never again become an undiscovered country. From that time till this, it has

kept discovered. And this is the single fact that I would like to dwell upon in the little that I have space to say. The mere discovery of America, great achievement as it was, was by no means the greatest thing. Even more than that is the matter of keeping it discovered. How is this to be done? For answer to this question it is needful to do little more than point to the history of this single nation to which we belong. How is it that America has been kept so effectually discovered from Columbus' time to this? How is it that to-day it holds so conspicuous a place among the grand divisions of the earth? It is largely by what the United States has become as a nation and a people. When Mr. Goodrich asked me to speak here to-day, he promised me that I might bring out the American eagle and make him scream just as loud and as much as he can—inside of ten minutes. What does that word American mean in the ears of the world to-day? Largely what the history of these United States has made it mean. You travel through the various countries of Europe and you are recognized at once as an American. Before you can open your lips to speak, as soon as they set eyes upon you, the people there can tell where you are from. I do not know how it is, — by a sort of instinct it seems, they are able to say of you, here is an American. Now what is it that these people mean by an American? Do they mean a man from Canada or any of the British Provinces this side the sea? Do they mean a man from Mexico or any of the states of Central or South America? Not at all. They mean a man from the United States. Some Americans in company with English friends were on the heights of St. Cloud, overlooking the city of Paris. A company of old women from one of the poorest districts of the city were taking a day's outing there. When they were told that the Americans were soon to return to their home, one

of them, a curious figure that might have stepped out from one of Victor Hugo's novels, threw up her hand and called out "Vive l'Amerique." What did that old woman of Paris mean by America? Did she mean Canada or Mexico or Brazil or Peru? Very likely she had never heard of some of those countries. But she had heard of the United States, and that was America to her. And so it is all over the world. It is this nation of ours which has made the word America such a glorious name. Have you ever thought of it? The United States is only about one-fifth of the whole territory of America. Not one-half of the population of America is within its boundaries, and yet it is by far the larger part of what America means to the world. Is not that a most significant fact? Is it not a fact worth calling to mind in the celebrations of this Discovery Day? Is it not the fact which answers, once for all, the question, How is America to be kept discovered? By going on to make more and larger history of the same sort that this nation of ours has been making from the beginning. There is a part in this for each one of us to do. We may keep America discovered by discovering Americans in ourselves; by being the very best sort of American citizens in all of our life; by loyalty to the institutions of our country; by faithful allegiance to this flag to which to-day so many of the children and youth have pledged themselves. Nothing could be fitter than that the public schools should have so large a part in this celebration, for the public schools are what we depend on to a large degree to keep America discovered.

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM A. MOWRY, SUPERINTENDENT OF
SCHOOLS.

It is four hundred years since Columbus discovered America. He was seventy-one days on his voyage from

Spain to the West Indies. That voyage could be made now in six days. So we are actually living twelve times as fast as people did in those days. Four centuries have made a great difference in the conditions of human life. Columbus never saw a railroad, a steamboat, a telegraph, or a telephone. Pianos, cook stoves and table forks were unknown. Cloth of any kind was made only by a slow process with a hand loom. There were no steel pens; no fountain pens; no stylographic pens. Friction matches had not been invented. To make a fire when it had once gone out was a difficult and laborious task.

How strange it would seem for Columbus to return to this world to-day, and walk the streets of Salem, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans or San Francisco. How surprised he would be to visit the rural hamlets of New England, cross the mighty prairies of the West or look in upon "opening day" at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, to-day! Don't you wish he could do it?

Well, Columbus came to see me the other night. He presented his card, and I received him with great respect, and gave him a seat in my office. He wanted to inquire about the schools. It seemed to him strange that all the children had schools to go to every day. He thought it was a fine thing. He told me how surprised he was to ride on a railroad, and what a marvel the Brooklyn bridge appeared to him. He appreciated very highly the great manufacturing establishments which he had seen, — the factories of Lowell and Lawrence, and Fall River and Manchester, the carriage shops of Amesbury, the shoe shops of Lynn, the vast grain fields of the West and the immense mining machinery of Colorado.

But that which most surprised him, and which seemed to him of the greatest value; — that which was the most distinctively American institution that he found in our

country, was the American public schools, and he had come to make some inquiries of me as to how we studied geography. I took him around to several of our best schools. I showed him the High School, with its fine physical and chemical laboratories. We visited the Phillips and the Bentley, the great Bowditch, the Pickering and the Saltonstall; we dropped in upon several of the primaries. Columbus saw the large wall maps, distinct and beautiful, bringing out clearly and presenting to the eyes of the pupils at a glance, the countries of the old world and the political divisions of North America and South America, by which the children get a correct view of the round world, the excellent text-books with their clear maps and finely engraved pictures, and what seemed to him such easy and interesting map questions, and entertaining descriptive-text lessons.

But Columbus made some severe criticisms on what he saw. The electric lights dazzled his eyes, and he wished to be taken away from them. The electrical cars seemed to him dangerous, and he refused to ride in them. The Salem schools with their pleasant, cheerful teachers, and intelligent looking, well-dressed pupils, their faces and hands so clean, and hair neatly brushed; with globes and maps and charts; with reference books, and supplementary reading books and laboratory apparatus;—all these things surprised him greatly. They seemed to him to belong to a heavenly world, and to be no part of the dull earth which he was familiar with four centuries ago. Finally he asked me if there were not some things which would remind him of old times. So I showed him the hovels of the poor at the North End, Boston, a convict gang at work in the rice fields of Louisiana, some Indian Tepees on a Sioux reservation. Of these sad pictures of human degradation and misery Columbus said little. He

still asked me to show him something that would remind him of the former days, and the old world.

Well, after mature reflection, thinking the ground all over, I suddenly transported Columbus off to a very, very distant place, a thousand miles, more or less, from here, and we visited some badly ventilated school-houses between 11 and 12 o'clock. We found sixty children in one room, with no proper means of ventilation, seventy in another, and eighty huddled together in the lowest room of another school, and he exclaimed. "How can the poor children live in such an atmosphere? it is worse than the cabin of the Pinta."

Now most of our modern school-houses in New England are very good, but there are some of the other sort. I then took him to one of the towns, I will not tell you what town it was and you must not guess, and showed him a country school-house, with its box stove, its carved desks, its bare walls, its windows well covered with spider webs but destitute of curtains, no globes, no wall maps, no apparatus of any kind. The teachers were such as could be found willing to take the places at the ancient salary which had not been raised within the memory of man. He looked upon the stolid faces of the children; he heard them read their A, B, C's, and A, B, Ab's, and then we called upon the school committee, who had suffered these things to continue. "It is enough," said Columbus, "this is four hundred years ago."

This visit of Columbus impressed me greatly. After that I fell asleep and dreamed. I dreamed that I slept so hard that I could not be awakened. They laid me away and forgot all about it, and there I lay four hundred years. I woke on the 21st of October, in the year 2292, at ten o'clock in the morning. I found here at Salem, a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants. The city included

Beverly, Wenham, Danvers, Peabody and Lynn. The people all rode on bicycles and tricycles, and in funny little electrical carriages. Great glass electrical cars, with soft cushioned rubber wheels, were hurrying and skurrying hither and thither in all the streets. From city to city, from town to town, and across the water, people travelled in air carriages, propelled by electric wind-mills. The United States embraced all North America, and its population was more than one thousand millions. The cooking for all the people of a large city was done in one great cook house, and the meals were forwarded to each family by pneumatic tubes. Mail matter was received from New York every fifteen minutes; from Chicago twice an hour, and from San Francisco hourly, through pneumatic tubes. It took half an hour to transport mail matter from New York to Salem, two hours from Chicago, and five hours from San Francisco.

When Congress was in session, the speeches made there were transmitted by large telephones to all the great cities. What was called the Round House, stood in the centre of Washington Square, Salem. It was large enough to seat ten thousand people, and our Salem politicians, business men, and strong-minded voting women, were accustomed to sit in this Round House and listen to the speeches made at Washington in the Congress. Just as I was listening to a grand argument upon the desirability of a ship canal tunnel to connect the Missouri river with the Columbia, made by a lineal descendant of Mayor Rantoul, I suddenly awoke.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

D. B. HAGAR, PH. D., Principal.

10 A. M.

1. Singing, Russian National Hymn.
2. Responsive Reading, Ps. 148.
3. Prayer.
4. Reading Proclamation. Gertrude C. Knox.
5. Reading, Selections from the Columbian Ode. Harriet F. Monroe.
6. Impersonation, Columbus before the Cosmographers at Salamanca. Blanche Townsend, Ruth C. Higbee, Mary S. Rhoades, Viola S. Perkins, Florence Abbott, Mary E. Dodge, Metella Paine, Louise G. White, Mabel Winslow, Helen E. Cooper, Lillian T. Keneson.
7. Singing, Song of Columbus Day.
8. Essay, The last recall of Columbus to the Court of Spain. Miss K. Fox.
9. Essay, Columbus at Barcelona. Miss M. E. West.
10. Singing, Star of Freedom.
11. Essay, Columbus in Chains. Miss B. E. Baldwin.
12. Essay, Columbus's year off the coast of Jamaica. Miss N. Stackpole.
13. Reading, Columbus. Miss E. T. Maguire.
14. Singing, America.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL PROGRAMMES.

BENTLEY AND PHILLIPS SCHOOLS.

EDWIN R. BIGELOW, Principal Phillips School.

HANNAH E. CHOATE, Principal Bentley School.

Tabernacle Church.

1. The President's Proclamation. Principal Bigelow.
2. The Salute to the Flag.
3. National Hymn America. Schools.
4. Scripture and Lord's Prayer.
5. Recitation, Christopher Columbus. Stella M. Ireson.
6. Recitation, Discovery of America. William C. Gardner.
7. Recitation, Columbia my Land! Mabel S. Whipple.
8. Song of Columbus Day.—Theron Brown. Schools.
9. Address, The Meaning of the Four Centuries. Frederick L. Cole.
10. Recitation, The Story of Columbus. Misses Berry, Clifford, Cunningham, Foster, Reynolds, Harwood, Schollar, Pitman, Woodbury, Larrabee, Bowditch, Stillman, Luscomb, Cameron.

COLUMBUS DAY IN SALEM.

11. Song, Columbus. Classes I, II and III of Bentley School.
12. The Ode, Columbia's Banner, by Edna Dean Proctor. Master Daniel H. O. Hare.
13. The Star Spangled Banner. Solo by Mrs. E. R. Bigelow.
14. Address by Capt. John R. Lakeman.
15. Address by Supt. Wm. A. Mowry.

BOWDITCH SCHOOL.

FRANK L. SMITH, Principal.

Bowditch Hall.

1. Reading of the President's Proclamation. The Principal.
2. Raising of the Flag, by detachment of veterans, from Phil. Sheridan Post G. A. R.
3. Salute to the Flag and Pledge of Allegiance. The School.
4. Singing of America. School and Audience.
5. Scripture Reading. The Principal.
6. The Lord's Prayer in concert. The School.
7. Song, Columbus Day. Pupils and Audience.
8. The Address, Meaning of the Four Centuries. Master Orlando Leighton.
9. The Ode, Columbia's Banner. Miss Jennie L. Goldthwaite.
10. Declamation, Patriotism. Master Edward J. Carney.
11. Sextette, Banner of the Free. Misses Lillie Parker, Lena Goddard, Edith Clifford, Masters Warren Colson, George Morrill and James Toomey.

PICKERING SCHOOL.

WILLIAM P. HAYWARD, Principal.

First Baptist Church, Federal St.

1. Reading the Scriptures. The Principal.
2. Lord's Prayer in concert. School.
3. Reading of President's Proclamation. The Principal.
4. Saluting the Flag.
5. Singing, America. School and Audience.
6. The Historical Address. Arthur Harkness.
7. The Ode Columbia's Banner. Mr. Geo. M. Harris.
8. Song, Columbus Day. School and Audience.
9. Recitations. Pupils of the 5th Grade.
10. Song. Pupils of the 5th and 6th Grades.
11. Recitations. Pupils of the 6th Grade.

COLUMBUS DAY IN SALEM.

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| 12. Recitations. | Pupils of the 7th Grade. |
| 13. Song, Red, White and Blue. | School. |
| 14. Recitations. | Pupils of the 8th Grade. |
| 15. Song, Star Spangled Banner. | School. |
| 16. Recitations. | Pupils of the 9th Grade. |
| 17. Song, Home Sweet Home. | School. |
| 18. Addresses. | |

SALTONSTALL SCHOOL.

O. B. STONE, Principal.

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| 1. Reading of President's Proclamation. | The Principal. |
| 2. Salute to the Flag. | School. |
| 3. Song, America. | School and Audience. |
| 4. Scripture Selections. | The Principal. |
| 5. Lord's Prayer. | |
| 6. Song, Columbus Day. | School and Audience. |
| 7. Address, The Meaning of the Four Centuries. | Nellie M. Fitz. |
| 8. The Ode, Columbia's Banner. | Clara A. Gifford. |
| 9. Song, Columbus. | School. |
| 10. Historical Recitations. | Eleven Pupils. |
| 11. Recitation, Our Country. | Elizabeth Powell. |
| 12. Song, Our Native Land. | Grace E. Crouse. |
| 13. Recitation, On and On. | William S. Morris. |
| 14. Recitation, Christopher C. | Ethel M. Wheeler. |
| 15. Addresses by Citizens. | |
| 16. Solo and Chorus, Columbia. | Nettie B. Eagles and twenty girls. |

The several Primary schools of the city had their exercises in their own school-houses. In some instances, where it was possible, the whole school met together, in other cases the exercises were held in separate rooms. An address had been prepared by the National Executive Committee designed for use in this grade of schools, but it was found to be too difficult for the comprehension of the children. It was therefore simplified by the superintendent and in this form given in the schools of this grade.

AN ADDRESS FOR COLUMBUS DAY

FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

PREPARED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

This is Columbus Day. It might well be called Discovery Day. Christopher Columbus discovered America four hundred years ago to-day. That is the thought that stirs our hearts. We celebrate this four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the New World. In this celebration we are not alone. There are thirteen million pupils in the public schools of the United States. All over the country, from Maine to California, the children in all these schools are celebrating Columbus Day.

Some people may think that boys and girls are of no consequence, but all sensible people do not think so. See what they are doing to-day. They are gathered in great school-houses and little school-houses, all over the land, and they are having a celebration all to themselves, and the flag of our country floats over them all.

We have met to celebrate Columbus Day because President Harrison asked us to, and Governor Russell asked us to. So we obey the Governor and obey the President.

When Columbus discovered America there were no free public schools anywhere. There were no railroads, steam-boats, telephones or telegraphs. There were no newspapers. The people had no cook-stoves, no knives and forks to eat with. The common people had to work and fight for the kings and nobles.

But in this New World which Columbus discovered, the common people work for themselves, and have established equal rights for everybody, free education for all the children, and a government carried on by the people themselves. We ought to be thankful to-day to God for sending Columbus to discover this New World where we live,

and which our forefathers made a land of freedom, of law, and of schools. All the great blessings our fathers secured have come to us. So we ought to be grateful for all the blessings that we have. And these great blessings ought to make us good, patriotic citizens. We ought to love our parents, our schools, our beautiful flag, and our country. We ought to love God and obey his commands.

We ought all to be patriots. Patriots are those that love their country and its flag. In our play, if we try to make our games fair and honest; in our work, if we try to make our school better, we are learning to be patriotic citizens.

Let everybody remember that the boys and girls of to-day will be men and women before long. In a few years, those who are scholars in school to-day will build the school-houses, and make the laws, and govern the towns and cities, the states, and the nation. If we come to school to learn to *be good* and to *do good*, we shall make the people happier, and our country's flag brighter.

So, let us promise here and now that the flag of our dear land, which waves over our heads to-day so proud and bright, shall never be stained by our fault. Let us pledge ourselves that the great name AMERICA shall forever mean an equal chance to every citizen, and love to all the world.

BENTLEY PRIMARY SCHOOL.

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| 1. Scripture and Prayer. | |
| 2. Song of Columbus Day. | School. |
| 3. Address, by | Mrs. Emma B. Lowd. |
| 4. Song, Red, White and Blue. | School. |
| 5. Recitation for Columbus Day, and recitation Columbus. | Third Grade. |
| 6. Recitations for Little Ones. | First Grade. |
| 7. Recitation, Our Free Land. | Second Grade. |
| 8. Questions and Answers, Historical Events, Songs. | |
| The Departing Ships, and Land in Sight. | Fourth Grade. |
| 9. Song, Our Banner. | School. |

The exercises were in the principal's room, the four grades being united.

BERTRAM SCHOOL.

The first six numbers on the official program took place in the school yard.

The President's Proclamation was read by Col. J. F. Dalton.

Scriptures by the principal.

Address by Ethel Holt.

Grades I and II occupied the lower hall and carried out the following programme:

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| 1. Song. | Battle Cry of Freedom. |
| 2. Discovery Day, Recitation. | By several pupils. |
| 3. Columbus. | By eight pupils. |
| 4. Christopher C. | Several pupils. |
| 5. Recitation, There are Many Flags. | |
| 6. Song, Our Flag. | |
| 7. Columbus. | Eight pupils. |
| 8. Song, Long Ago. | |

GRADES III AND IV.

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| 1. Marching to the Fair. | |
| 2. Song, Red, White and Blue. | |
| 3. Story of Columbus. | Nine boys. |
| 4. Song, Before all Lands. | |
| 5. Recitation. | By thirteen girls. |
| 6. Song, Our Banner. | |
| 7. Acrostic, Columbus. | By eight girls. |
| 8. Song, Columbus. | By eight girls. |
| 9. Recitation, Columbus. | By Neil Fitz. |
| 10. Recitation, Columbus. | By six pupils. |
| 11. Song, My Native Land. | |
| 12. Our Flag. | By three pupils. |
| 13. Song, Star Spangled Banner. | |

BROWNE SCHOOL.

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| 1. Selections of Scripture and Lord's Prayer. | |
| 2. Columbia, my Land. | |
| 3. Recitation. | Harry Flint. |
| 4. Responsive Exercise. | 1st Class. |
| 5. Concert Exercise. | 4th class. |
| 6. Recitation. | |
| 7. Singing. | |

8. Recitation, pupils of 2nd and 3rd classes.
 " " " 4th class.
 " " " 2nd "
 " " " 3rd "
9. Reading of Address for Primary Schools. By Miss Earle.
10. Singing.

CARLTON SCHOOL.

ROOM I. Teacher, Miss C. F. LUCAS.

1. Welcome. Lena Adams.
2. Song, Columbia, My Land.
3. Landing of Columbus. John Monson, Angelina Carron and Agda Olsen.
4. Song, Our Banner.
5. Discovery Day. William Shambo.
6. Song, There Are Many Flags in Many Lands. Bessie McManus, Lydia Lewis, Lena Adams, Helen Danforth, Alice Hackett and Ethel Pike.
7. Christopher Columbus. John Barnes, Harry Hurd, Frank Lyons, Albert Miller, Wilgodt Olsen, Henry Jordan, Carl Eliason, George Perkins, Arthur de Sloovere, Fred Fernald, John Walsh and Richard Collins.
8. Song, The Flag of Our Nation.
9. Story of Columbus. Lena Adams, Annie Barry, Dollie Brown, Harry Hurd, Richard Collins, George Thomas, Helen Danforth, Bertha Pettit, Alice Hackett, Mary Shatswell, Albert Miller, Frank Lyons, Ethel Pike, Mildred Rice, Mary Hay, George Redding.
10. Acrostic, No. 1.
11. Motion Song, The Clock.
12. The Story of Our Country. Mary Shatswell, Lizzie Ryan, Louisa Jackson, Mildred Rice, Nellie Thompson, Bessie McManus, Alice Rice and Mary Rice.
13. Song, Children's Hymn of Praise.
14. Acrostic, No. 2. Bertha Pettit, Alice Rice, Helen Danforth, Lena Adams, Dollie Brown, Lydia Lewis, Alice Hackett.
15. Solo, Long Ago. Lillie Thomas.
16. Acrostic No. 3. Eight Boys.
17. Song, Our Flag.
18. The Red, White and Blue. Harry Hurd, Annie Barry and Bertha Pettit.
19. Song, Columbia, Gem of the Ocean.
20. Exercise with Flags.

21. Song, We Love Our Country.
22. Questions on Columbus.
23. Flag Song with Motions.

ROOMS II and III.

Teachers, Miss A. L. BURNHAM, Miss H. A. MOULTON.

1. Song, Columbia, My Land.
2. Welcome. Mary Hurley.
3. Discovery Day. Class 3.
4. Story of Columbus. Henry Southam, Harold Naugle, Mary McShane, Grace Vollor, Charles Sylvester, William Jordan, William Rollins, Gertrude Hanson, John Kelleher, Nellie Thompson, Edna Dennis, John Whipple, Mary Hurley, George Hall, Louisa Conlon, Arthur Merrill, Edward Pettit, Edith Greeley, William Thompson, Ada Stevens, David Aylward, Lizzie Osgood. Class 2.
5. Questions on Columbus. Class 3.
6. Long Ago. Harvey Whitmore. Class 3.
7. Exercise with Flags. John Whipple, Bertha Bradshaw, Fred Johnson, Henry Southam, Mary Mc Shane, Arthur Merrill. Class 2.
8. Song, Flag of our Nation.
9. Crossing the Wide Ocean. Helen Dean, Grace Collins, Margaret Tracy, Ida Powers, Edith Ellis, Ellen Dunn, Howard Bates, Carlton Bates. Class 3.
10. Christopher Columbus. John Whipple, Samuel Mc Garrell, Harold Naugle, Fred Johnson, Edward Pettit, David Aylward, William Thompson, Timothy Lomasney, John Kelleher, George Hall, Henry Southam, Arthur Merrill. Class 2.
11. Landing of Columbus. Joseph Powers, Addie Jackson, Ethel Hayward. Class 3.
12. Song, Children's Hymn.
13. Story of our Country. Edna Dennis, Vickie Bradshaw, Mary Mc Shane, Edith Greeley, Bertha Bradshaw, Louisa Conlon, Mary Hurley, Ada Stevens. Class 2.
14. Columbus Acrostic. Gladys Naugle, Mary Doherty, Maud Buxton, Ethel Hayward, Abbie Lewis, Bessie Edwards, Katie Barry, Annie Carron. Class 3.
15. There are Many Flags. John Whipple, John Kelleher, Edith Greeley, Harold Naugle, Louisa Conlon. Class 2.
16. Recitation. Emma Batchelder. Class 3.
17. Our Flag. William Jordan, Bertha Bradshaw, Vickie Bradshaw, Timothy Lomasney, Grace Vollor, John Kelleher, Fred Johnson, Samuel Mc Garrell, Charles Sylvester. Class 2.
18. Song, We love our Country.

ROOM IV.

Teachers, MISS MARY E. ROWLEY, MISS MARY A. GRANT.

1. Song, Columbia My Land.
2. Greeting of Friends. Marian Lyon.
3. Song, Welcome to the Nations.
4. Class Exercise, Columbus.
5. About Columbus. Margaret B. Merrill.
6. Discovery Day. George Aylward, Lillie Andrews, Antoine Shambo, Clara Sylvester, Alice Greeley.
7. Acrostic No. 1, Columbus. Agatha Knowlton, Alice Lyon, Bessie Smethurst, Marian Lyon, Ethel Jacques, Mollie Temple, Bessie Perkins, Margaret B. Merrill.
8. Song, Our Banner.
9. Landing of Columbus. Irving Richardson, Florence Lewis, Alice Buckley.
10. The Red, White and Blue. Louis Carr, Charles Collins, Harry Powers.
11. The School and the Flag. Class.
12. Song, Our Flag.
13. Story of Our Country. Irving Richardson, Grace Davis, Martha Pettit, Ethel Merrow.
14. Flag of the Free. Frank Hutchinson, Frank Slater, Willie Hurley, Robert Mc Shane, Irving Richardson, Matthew Slater, David Kelleher, Louis Carr, Willie Heffernan, Charles Collins.
15. Acrostic No. 2, Columbus. Ernest Blanchard, Arthur Monson, Charles Perkins, Ralph Naugle, David Kelleher, Victor Johnson, William McGarrel, Henderson Mc Shane.
16. There are Many Flags. Ethel Jacques, Marian Lyon, Alice Lyon, Mollie Temple.
17. Song of Praise.

ENDICOTT SCHOOL.

1. Song of Columbus Day.
2. The address. John Brennan.
3. Song, Rally Round the Flag.
4. Recitation, Long Ago. Margaret Donohue.
5. Marching Song, The World's Fair.
Scholars from the fourth class.
6. Recitation, The Landing of Columbus. Alexander Freeman.
7. Recitation, by four girls and two boys. Rose McNally,
Margaret Kinsella, Eva Hogan, Emma Sargent, Cornelius O'Connell, John O'Hare.

8. Song, We love our Country, Great and Free.
9. Recitation, Discovery Day. Polly Hersey.
10. Recitation, Our Great Discoverer. Isabel McKay.
11. Recitation, Acrostic, Columbus. By Susie McCullough, Elizabeth Farrell, Maud Purtell, Agnes Larkin, Katie Anderson, Alice McKenzie, Annie Murphy, Fannie Ronan.
12. Song, There are many flags.
13. Story of our Country. By eight boys, John Brennan, Edmund Cotter, Willie Crowdis, Edward Roach, George Purtell, Cornelius O'Brien, Fred Farrington, Frank Burton.
14. America.

LINCOLN SCHOOL.

The indoor exercises opened with scriptural readings, the song, Columbus Day, following. Mr. Mowry's address was read by Stephen Kimball. Recitations by the several classes then followed, after which the pupils were addressed by some of the visitors.

LYNDE SCHOOL.

PROGRAMME OF GRADES I AND IV.

1. Reading of Scriptures.
2. Lord's Prayer.
3. Song, America.
4. Reading, Address for Columbus Day. Alfred Savory.
5. Recitation, Why We Are Here. John Remon.
6. Song, World's Fair.
7. Questions and Answers. Recited and Sung.
8. Acrostic, Columbus, America. W. O'Keefe, G. Duntley, J. Pedrick, W. Cottle, T. Green, G. Thorogood, H. Wilson, F. Fay, J. Coffey, D. Lyons, D. Hurley, H. Duggan, R. Conley, C. Ayers, J. Griffin.
9. Song, We Love Our Country.
10. Recitation, Our Country As It Was. F. Crowdis, E. Cogswell, G. Whelpley, G. Lynch, J. Condon.
11. Song, Columbus Day.
12. Acrostic, Columbia, Gem of the Ocean. A. Harrigan, D. O'Brien, A. Savory, F. McFadden, C. Burke, W. Cashman, F. Crowdis, J. Harkins, E. Smith, J. Condon, T. O'Keefe, C. McLean, W. McLean, G. Comstock, G. Burnham, T. Burns, M. Ryan, J. Condon, J. Mason, J. Richardson, F. Earle.
13. Song, O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

14. Recitation, Our Country As It Is Now. D. O'Brien, A. Har-
rigan, F. Earle, C. Burke, J. Richardson, T. Ayers, T. Burns,
T. O'Keefe.
15. Song, Our Flag.
16. Recitation, Signals of our Flag. F. Earle and G. Comstock.
17. Recitation, Red, White and Blue. J. Fay, A. Lawrence, W. Fay.
18. Recitation, Story of Our Country.

GRADE IV.

19. Recitation, Our Land. F. Smith, G. Thorogood.
20. Song, Oh! The Flag of Our Own Country.
21. Salute to the Flag.

GRADES II AND III.

Reading of Scriptures.

Lord's Prayer.

1. Song, America.
2. Song, World's Fair.
3. Question and Answer. David Barry, Frank Tibbets, Arthur
O'Brien.
4. Question and Answer. Frank Jenkins, Matthew Neary.
5. Song, Columbia, My Land.
6. Recitation, Red, White and Blue. Rudolph Liebsch, George
Calley, George Jones, Joseph Hoar, Herbert Savory.
7. Solo, Star Spangled Banner. Lawrence Mahoney.
8. Recitation, Discovery Day. Arthur Lawrence.
9. Song, Oh! The Flag of Our Own Country.
10. Acrostic, Columbus. Irving Fenno, Allen Osborne, George
Casey, Robert Lange, Bertie Lee, Elwood Darling, Joseph
Peterson, Samuel Fairfield.
11. Song, Long Ago. Rudolph Liebsch, George Jones, George
Casey.
12. Recitation, Come Here, Boys, and See the Picture. Joseph
Cahill, Walter Aherne, Michael Reardon.
13. Song, Gray Dawn Is Come. Edmund Jones, Bertie Lee, Mat-
thew Neary.
14. Recitation, Story of Our Country. Robert Mason, Francis
Condon, George Pitman, John Noonan, Ambrose Lynch,
George Phelan, Hudson Darling, Arthur Sargent.
15. Trio and Chorus. Bertie Lee, George Pitman, Edmund Jones.
16. Recitation, Grandmamma's Verses. George Casey.
17. Solo, What Land Is This? Elwood Darling.
18. Recitation, American Flag. Ambrose Lynch, George Clark,
Herbert Frye.
19. Song, Flag of Our Nation Great.

OLIVER SCHOOL.

In the two upper classes, the story of Columbus was told by Florence May. Harvey Swan represented Columbus, and Faith, Hope, Navigation, Astronomy and Science as special helpers of Columbus, were represented respectively by Fannie Copeland, Anna Hill, Eddie Rushford, Anna Mulligan and Addie Miller, in appropriate costume. Tina Eberson was the Goddess of Liberty, and Spain's queen "Fair Isabel," was Marion Pickering. Most of the boys took part in an historical dialogue, and Walter Heathcote recited "There are Many Flags in Many Lands."

Besides the songs especially designated for the day, several other patriotic songs were sung. "The Star Spangled Banner" was given as a solo by Mabel Douglass, and "The Red, White and Blue" by Margaret Millea, Lillian Wentworth and Edith Thomas.

Bertie Hill gave the address to the children prepared for the purpose by Dr. W. A. Mowry.

In the third classes, the programme was as follows:—Keller's American Hymn; Columbus Acrostic, by Mabel Saul, Theresa Topiano, Jennie Enos, Sadie Wallace, Martha Pickering, Nellie Mulligan, Blanche Young, Bertha McConnell; Song of Columbus Day; recitation, "The American Flag," by Jennie Enos, Nellie Mulligan, Maggie Sullivan; "Star Spangled Banner"; Marching with flags; recitation, "There are Many Flags," by Helen Kenerston, Irving Rowley, Mamie Doliber, Josie Lynch; and school, "America."

In the fourth classes, the exercises were similar and the following children took part:—Clifford Bragdon, Thomas Cooper, Blanche Pierce, Maud Norris, George Marshall, Nellie Billings, Lizzie Ingoldsby, John McCormick, Francis Enos, John Mulligan, James Rea, Daniel O'Callaghan, Ernest Dumas, Joseph Burke, Le'codie Dumas, Eva Du-

pont, Lizzie Quigley, Victoria Carbone, Bertha Kenney, Vinnier Shepard, Ethel Nichols, Dennis Geary, Margie Quinley, Philip Finnegan, Sherman Lougee, Bartholomew Shea.

W. P. Andrews, Esq., addressed the children.

PICKMAN SCHOOL.

At the out-of-door exercises Dr. Henry J. Gaffney read the President's Proclamation and Mr. Charles E. Trow addressed the children.

CLASS I.

1. Scripture Selections.
2. Prayer.
3. Song, Columbia, my Land. School.
4. Address, The Meaning of the Four Centuries. Raymond Gifford.
5. Recitation, Columbus. School.
6. Recitation, Whose Name To-day shall Honored be. Helen Cressy, Mabel Burne, John Millard, Douglas Holland, Margaret Lahey, Michael Niland and responses by school.
7. Recitation, Columbia. Minnie Newcomb.
8. Recitation, When This Old Flag was New. Florence Crowley.
9. Recitation, The American Flag. Katie Deery.
10. Recitation, Columbus Day. Henry Reardon.
11. Recitation, Our Flag. Mamie Andrews, Eddie McDonough, Alice Smith, John Wilson, Addie Arnold.
12. Recitation, God of the Free. Raymond Gifford.
13. Recitation, First Voyage of Columbus. Alice Hill.
14. Song, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. School.
15. Story of Columbus. Reading by 25 pupils.
16. Recitation, Oct. 21st. Nellie Lundergan.
17. Recitation, Our Country. Mabel Burne, Annie Ryan, Lena Cushing, Susie Dundes, Lizzie Lendall, Mamie Garrity.
18. Song, America.

CLASS II.

1. Singing, Columbia (2 stanzas).
2. Recitation, Long Ago. Grace M. Symonds and school.
3. Story of Our Country. Arthur P. Evitts, Annie M. Hunt, Mary McDonough, Ernest R. Redmond, Kate O'Donnell, James Lahey, John Mack, James J. Carter.

4. Song, We love our Country.
5. Recitation, Discovery Day. William H. Procter.
6. Singing, Columbia (stanzas 3 and 4).
7. Recitation, Many Flags in Many Lands. School.
8. Columbian Acrostic. Robert Ryan, Fred E. Scanlan, John Collins, Albert Symonds, James McCarthy, John W. Pratt, Joseph M. Lundergan, William W. Hennessey.
9. Singing, Columbia (stanza 5).
10. Recitation, Columbus. Arthur P. Evitts.
11. Recitation, Landing of Columbus. George R. Hussey, Ivah L. Carpenter, Elizabeth E. Furbush.
12. Song, Father in Heaven Above.
13. Recitation for Columbus Day. Helen B. Copp, Margaret J. Tobin, Mary F. Churchill, Katherine Rabbett, Mary T. Harkins, Paulina B. Narkoonsky. Response by school.
14. Song, America (verse 1).
15. Recitation, Our Fair Land Forever. Thomas J. Vaughn and school.
16. Singing, America (stanza 2).
17. Recitation, Our Land. Charles H. Kelly.
18. Singing, America (stanzas 3 and 4).

CLASS III.

Prayer.

Song, Columbia.

Address.

1. Recitations and Responses. Lulu Tobin, Lillie Larrabee, Agnes Domican, Jennie Ingalls, Abbie Dodge, Lucy Parker.
2. Discovery Day. Lincoln Smith.
3. Recitation, Our Flag. School.
4. Salute.
5. Discovery of America. Vesta Cooper, Emma Brown, Katherine Hanson, Willie Flynn, Ethel Gay, Maud Sawyer.
6. Acrostic, Columbus. Clarence Gay, Ira Dodge, Frank O'Donnell, Henry Jackson, Willie Heaney, Davis Huxtable, John Deery, Joseph Slattery.
7. Columbus. Willie Matthews.
8. America.

CLASS IV.

1. Devotional Exercises. Scripture and prayer.
2. Song of Columbus Day. Theron Brown.
3. Address for Columbus Day. Teacher.
4. The Flag's Welcome. May Arnold.
5. Let Little Hands Salute the Flag. School.

6. Columbus. Thomas Bates (C), Gussie Durgin (O), Thomas Lahey (L), Stephen Brennan (U), Mary O'Neil (M), Mary Dundas (B), Florence Tadgell (U), Ethel Larrabee (S).
7. Song, America.
8. Freedom. Eddie Cody and Gertrude Goldsmith.
9. Questions on Columbus. Teacher.
10. Our Flag. Damon Elliot, Marie Tracey, Malcolm Cooper, May Arnold, Fred Mack. Chorus by school.
11. Columbus Day. Eddie Cody.
12. Tribute to Columbus. School.
13. Three Cheers for Red, White and Blue. School.

PRESCOTT SCHOOL.

EXERCISES BY THE SCHOOL ON THE SCHOOL-GROUNDS.

1. Reading of the President's Proclamation.
Mr. John D. H. Gauss, Committee of School.
2. Raising of the Flag. By the Veterans.
3. Salute to the Flag, with Pledge.
4. America.
5. Reading of Scriptures. Mr. Samuel G. Jones.
6. The Lord's Prayer, in concert.
7. Song of Columbus Day.

EXERCISES OF GRADES III AND IV IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

1. Reading of the Address. Gordon Smith.
2. Acrostic, Columbus. Lella Anthony, Bessie Knight, Ella Sanborn, Nellie Ryan, Grace Sneedden, Alice Sawyer, Annie Sanborn, Hattie Pinkham.
3. Story of Columbus. By 20 pupils.
4. There are many flags, etc. Florence Hayes.
5. Discovery Day. Walter Towne.
6. Song, O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
7. Our Country. John Frye, Arthur Stamper.
8. Long Ago in our own Country. By 8 girls.
9. Columbia. By 4 girls.
10. Sonnet, Columbus. By Nellie Messer.
11. Flag Drill. Jennie Hooper, May Collins, Winnifred Mc Donald, Josie Call, Frank Kelley, Walter Saunders, Ernest Holway, Julian Hatch.
12. Song, Our Flag is There.
13. In 1492. Freeman Woodbury.
14. Story of Our Country. 8 boys.

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| 15. | My Country. | 4 boys. |
| 16. | The Nations now Gather. | Chorus of girls, and solo by Nellie Messer. |
| 17. | Our Flag. | By 10 pupils. |
| 18. | Columbia's Emblem. | Frank Webb. |
| 19. | The Flag of Our Own Country. | Katharine Ryan. |
| 20. | Song, Flag of the Heroes. | |
| 21. | Before all Lands, etc. | Irving Sanborn. |
| 22. | Christopher Columbus. | Alice Woodbury. |
| 23. | Song, Flag of the Free. | |

GRADES I AND II.

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| 1. | Song, Columbia my Land. | |
| 2. | Narrative poem, Discovery of America. | By 26 children of Grade 2. |
| 3. | Hymn of Thanksgiving. | Grace Collins, Bessie Harlowe, Pauline Curtis, Paul Whipple, Francis Hayward, Ernest Learock. |
| | | Grade 1. |
| 4. | There are many flags. | Grade 2. |
| 5. | Song, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. | |
| 6. | Recitation. | Freddie Donovan. |
| 7. | Story of Columbus. | Ella Little. |
| 8. | Acrostic, Columbus. | Lillian Dickey, Mabel Swain, Margaret Little, Miriam Tigh, Bessie Knight, Mary Shute, Robertina Campbell, Lulu Stillman. |
| 9. | Song, Flag of the Heroes. | |
| 10. | Recitation. | Marian Pulsifer. |
| 11. | The Flag of our own Country. | Grade 1. |
| 12. | Wave still in lofty air. | Hillard Lovett. |
| 13. | Flag of our nation great. | Hawthorne Porter. |
| 14. | Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. | |
| 15. | Song, America. | |

UPHAM SCHOOL.

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| 1. | The President's Proclamation was read by the sub-committee of the school, C. C. Rhoades, at the out-of-door exercises. | |
| 2. | Selection of Scriptures by the Principal. | |
| 3. | The Lord's Prayer by the whole school. | |
| 4. | Reading of the address. | Mary A. Wardwell. |
| 5. | Singing, Hymn for Columbus Day. | Rooms 1 and 2. |
| 6. | Recitation, Discovery Day. | Chester A. Goldsmith. |
| 7. | Recitation, Christopher Columbus. | All, in concert. |

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| 8. Recitation, Story of Columbus. | Room 2. |
| 9. Recitation, Acrostic. | |
| 10. Recitation, Columbus. | James Chute. |
| 11. Singing, Star Spangled Banner. | |
| 12. Addresses. | |

ROOMS III and IV.

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| 1. Reading the Address. | Ethel Ham. |
| 2. Singing, Hymn of Praise. | |
| 3. Recitation. | Harold Prince. |
| 4. Solo. | Maud E. Prentiss. |
| 5. Recitation. | |
| 6. Song, Flag of the Heroes. | |
| 7. Recitation. | |
| 8. Flag of our Nation Great. | |
| 9. Closing Speech. | George E. Gifford. |

NAUMKEAG SCHOOL.

The exercises at the Naumkeag school were entirely different from those at any other school. After joining with the Browne school in the out-of-door exercises the children who are all French and can understand but little English went through an exercise of questions and answers which brought out all the Discovery story with short stanzas of poetry and recitations. There was a very pretty acrostic of C-o-l-u-m-b-u-s by eight little girls. Mr. Collins read the proclamation. Miss Clemons read the scriptures. Miss Wilson asked the questions bringing out all the story and Miss Richardson and Miss Hopkins read the address prepared by Mr. Mowry. Each little one had a tiny American flag to help teach the lesson of patriotism.

The day was celebrated by a number of private and parochial schools. Among them we find in the daily papers reports of the following :

The pupils of the

SALEM COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

assembled at their rooms in the Peabody building at

9 o'clock, and were marshalled upon the roof of the building, where, after the reading of the president's proclamation, the new flag was thrown to the breeze by a delegation of the G. A. R. After three cheers had been given and the students had pledged themselves to support their country's flag, "America" was sung and the school adjourned to their rooms.

Here, a most interesting programme was carried out. After reading a psalm responsively, and the offering of prayer by Rev. S. B. Nobbs, the Columbian hymn was sung by the school. Miss E. A. Tibbetts, the principal, then read the address on "The Meaning of the Four Centuries." Then followed an historical exercise delivered by eleven students, recounting the life of Columbus. The ode was read by Miss Myrtie Chisolm. Mrs. Carrie S. Rogers read the "American flag."

ST. JAMES SCHOOL.

The scholars of the St. James parochial school assembled in the vestry of the church. When seated, it was a pretty sight, the little ones in front dressed in white, with red liberty caps, the older ones next, with white caps, and the senior scholars in the very rear, with blue caps. Fathers Gray and Collins were seated upon the platform, and the sisters attended their several classes as officers. The exercises opened with a salute to the flag. Then followed chorus singing, and solos by Misses Hendien, McGlue and Driscoll. Solos were also sung by Mary Kilcoyne, M. Hinchion, C. Sullivan, E. Cody, M. Ralph. Lizzie Cody read an essay on the life of Columbus. Annie Kinsella read a composition, "Isabella of Castile." An interesting feature of the exercises was the Centennial Ode, by Mary Connolly, Lena Driscoll and Mary Kilcoyne. The Te Deum was sung in conclusion, and Father Gray

spoke briefly of the life of Columbus, his trials and successes.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

The exercises began in the church, where high mass was celebrated by Rev. James Barrett. Te Deum was sung by the choir and children, as was also the army hymn. To the tune America, sung by choir and children, accompanied by the Lafayette band, the children marched out of the church to the adjoining school-yard. The National flag was carried by Master John Corbett. The banners of Columbus, Washington, Harrison and Sheridan were carried by Masters John Lalor, William McSweeney, William Murphy and John Cronin. The band played while the procession moved around the school-house and into position for the flag exercises. The children numbered a little over 400, the girls dressed in red mortar-board hats, white jackets and blue skirts, while the boys were dressed in blue sailor suits. "America" was sung by the school; the proclamation read by Master William McSweeney, followed by chorus, Red, White and Blue. The procession then moved through Charter, Central and Essex streets, escorted by a delegation from the Father Mathew association, Hugh F. E. Farrell, marshal, J. J. Connolly, assistant marshal. The school building was tastefully decorated with the National colors, and in the class-rooms, on the blackboards were drawings of "Columbus' Ship," "The First Sight of Land," "Columbus in Chains," etc. Owing to the building of the boys' new school, the school hall was not in condition to hold any exercises.

The foregoing programmes of school exercises will serve to show how generally and with what enthusiasm this celebration of Columbus Day was entered into by the

children of this city. In a majority of schoolrooms the blackboards were decorated with drawings illustrating incidents in the life of Columbus and portraying to the eye various important facts connected with his great discovery, such as, "Pictures of his Ships;" "Columbus looking for Land;" "The First Sight of Land;" "His Landing," etc. The ceremony of "Saluting the Flag" was performed at each school under charge of detachments from Phil Sheridan Post 34 G. A. R. It is clearly apparent that this celebration was an important object lesson in the history of our country. It will never be forgotten by the children. It will serve to stimulate all patriotic sentiment and create an interest in historical studies. In its far-reaching effects, perhaps the morning celebration was of more value to the country than all that transpired in the afternoon and evening.

THE PARADE OF THE AFTERNOON.

The parade which took place in the afternoon was one of the largest processions ever seen in this city. It was arranged in three divisions: the first being military and civic; the second embracing various civic societies and the entire fire department with the veteran firemen. The third division was devoted to the trades and the various mercantile and manufacturing establishments of the city. The steam fire alarm whistles announced to the citizens the moving of the column. It was reviewed by the mayor from the steps of the city hall.

FORMATION OF THE PROCESSION.

Platoon of Police under command of Capt. Geo. H. Blinn.

Patriarchs Militant Band.

Escort, Salem Light Infantry Veteran Association, 80 men. Capt.

George M. Whipple, commanding.

Philip Little, chief marshal.

Clifford Brigham, chief of staff.

The following gentlemen composed Chief Marshal Little's staff, John F. Hurley acting as color bearer:—A. L. Goodrich, Nathaniel M. Brown, William G. Rantoul, Beverly Rantoul, E. L. Peirson, Aug. N. Rantoul, H. F. Peirson, E. W. Hay, W. O. Safford, L. F. Brigham, jr., C. E. Phippen, George West, F. C. Damon, W. W. Davis, Henry Sutton, O. B. Stone, C. H. Harwood, P. F. Tierney, G. L. Allen, J. J. Hartigan and John F. Hurley.

FIRST DIVISION—MILITARY AND CIVIC.

Newburyport Cadet Band.

2d Corps Cadets, M. V. M., Maj. S. A. Johnson, commander, 120 men.

Drum Corps.

Veteran Cadet Association, Maj. A. Parker Brown, commander, 65 men.

Salem Light Infantry, Co. H, 8th Regiment, M. V. M., Capt. H. F. Staples, commander, 40 men.

His Honor, the Mayor.

The City Council.

The school board and overseers of the poor.

City Officials.

The U. S. Postmaster at Salem, Mass.

Collector of Customs, at Salem.

National Drum Corps, Beverly.

The U. S. Letter Carriers' Association, 21 men.

Salem Brass Band.

Phil. Sheridan Post 34, G. A. R., W. H. Buker, commander, 125 men.

Naumkeag Drum Corps.

Lieut. Col. Merritt camp, S. of V., Capt. W. T. Langmaid, commander, 35 men.

SECOND DIVISION—CIVIC SOCIETIES AND FIREMEN.

George A. Chandler, marshal.

Walter L. Harris, chief of staff.

Aids.—S. H. Bartlett, color bearer; F. D. Kingsley, J. Smart, Wm.

A. Thyng, Geo. E. Hill, F. W. Davis, I. G. Taylor, G. A. Wilson,

F. E. Chase, C. E. Comer, A. A. Foley, Patrick Dalton, Geo. W. Peach, H. K. Mansfield, G. W. Creesy, Samuel Webb, D. W. O'Leary, G. H. Thorburn, Geo. E. Teel, O. Weymouth, W. Shattuck.

Saugus Drum Corps.

The Father Mathew Total Abstinence society, Geo. Harrington, commander, 150 men.

The High School battalion, C. Wesley Hobbs, commander, 90 young men.

Salem Drum Corps.

Union St. Joseph, 180 men.

Peabody Drum Corps.

North Star Lodge, Knights of Pythias, 28 men.

Royal Enterprise Lodge, No. 189, G. U. O. O. F., 18 men.

Ipswich Band.

St. Jean Baptist Society, Napoleon Thibault, 140 men.

First Regiment Drum Corps, Boston.

The Young Men's Catholic Temperance society, 120 men.

Float, Queen Isabella's jewels.

Carriages.

St. James' Cadets, Fred Jeffrey, 70 young men.

Witch City Drum Corps.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Div. 5, 45 men.

Lafayette Band.

Essex County Mass. Catholic Order of Forresters, 55 men.

Lynn Cadet Drum Corps.

International Order of Bricklayers and Masons, 80 men.

Mechanic's Band, Essex.

SECTION 2, FIRE DEPARTMENT AND VETERAN FIREMEN.

Essex Band.

W. O. Arnold, chief engineer, as marshal.

Emery B. Skinner, James A. Lord, jr., Arthur P. Florentine and John Pollock, assistant engineers.

Steamer company, No. 1, Howard Kimball, captain.

Steamer company, No. 2, William Andrews, captain.

Steamer company, No. 3, John H. Nichols, captain.

Hook and Ladder company, No. 1, Arthur Ober, captain.

Hose company, No. 2, Samuel Stevens, foreman.

Hook and Ladder company, No. 4, Daniel J. Sweeney, foreman.

Hose company, No. 6, Charles Williams, foreman.

The apparatus, in the following order:

Steamer 1, Chas. Chamberlain, driver.

COLUMBUS DAY IN SALEM.

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Hose wagon, William Tobey, driver.

Steamer 2, James Pollock, driver.

Hose wagon, A. H. Andrews, driver.

Steamer 3, Michael Flynn, driver.

Hose reel.

Chief's team, Charles Sims, driver.

Hook and Ladder Truck No. 1, Wm. Pollock, driver.

Supply wagon, Robert Phippen, driver.

Hose Wagon, No. 2, John Lowrey, driver.

Hose Wagon, No. 4, John Jeffrey, driver.

Hose Wagon, No. 6, James Roundy, driver.

Excelsior Drum Corps of Marblehead.

The Salem Veteran Firemen association, Josiah B. Osborne, chief.

Agawam Band.

DIVISION 3—THE TRADES DIVISION.

William G. Webber, chief marshal.

C. R. Washburn, chief of staff.

Adjutant, Fitz W. Perkins.

Color Bearer, J. H. Flynn.

AIDS:—Ellis H. Porter, C. F. Perkins, W. A. Swan, B. Frank Perkins, George W. Pickering, Edwin O. Foster, H. P. Gifford, C. W. Reed, Orrin Carey, S. H. Porter, George P. Woodbury, Everett E. Alley, S. H. Wilkins, J. M. Parsons, W. S. Washburn, W. Q. Dane, M. H. Flynn, J. M. Foster, George J. Kerr, E. H. Merrill, F. A. Wendell, W. S. Nevins, J. N. Peterson, Frank Wilkins, J. C. McDonald, B. A. Gale, O. M. Harris, F. A. Lane, Jonathan Osborne, J. W. Dane, W. B. Mansfield.

Agawam band of Ipswich, 25 pieces, C. F. Chapman, leader.

Barouches containing the following members of the Board of Trade: Frank Cousins, president; E. A. Mackintire and W. C. Packard, vice-presidents; George E. Pearson, of executive committee; E. F. Brown, secretary; E. D. Jones, treasurer; J. Clifford Entwistle, secretary; John B. Harding.

FLORIST.

George W. Cressey.

NEWSPAPERS.

Salem Evening News, tally-ho and float.

DRUGGISTS.

C. H. & J. Price.

COLUMBUS DAY IN SALEM.

GROCERS.

Geo. Wilcox, 3 teams.
Bennett Bros., 2 teams.
G. H. Sargent, 2 teams.
T. Hartnett, 3 teams.
I. P. Harris & Co., 8 teams.
I. P. Harris, Read & Co., 4 teams.
Cyrus Jordan, 1 team.
Chase & Sanborn, 1 team.
Edward Bros., 2 teams.
W. H. Knights, 2 teams.
L. R. Pratt, 5 teams.
W. S. Harris, 1 team.
J. T. McNiff, 2 teams.
J. D. Dalton, 1 team.

DRY GOODS.

Wm. G. Webber & Co., tally-ho.
Almy, Bigelow & Washburn, 7 teams.
Briggs & Wilkins, 1 team.
J. C. Abbott, 1 team.
Frank Cousins, diligence.
Wm. Reith, barouche.

COAL AND WOOD.

Wm. Pickering, jr., & Co., 7 teams.
S. T. Gourley, 1 team.

FURNITURE.

J. C. Casey, 1 team.
J. Gamble, 2 teams.
Salem Kindling Wood Co., 2 teams.

PROVISIONS.

Geo. H. Averill, 2 teams.
F. Porter & Sons, 4 teams.
J. R. L'Africain, 4 teams.
Osborne & Co., 4 teams.
S. H. Porter & Co., 2 teams.
O'Leary & Foley, 1 team.
Naumkeag market, 3 teams.
Richard Connolly, 2 teams.
J. F. O'Keefe, 2 teams.
Orrin Carey, team and ox

Warren Upton, 2 teams.
Russell & Very, 2 teams.
Upton & Eaton, 1 team.
E. T. Upton, 1 team.
Franklin Fish Market, 1 team.

PAPER DEALERS.

Philbrick & Perkins, 4 teams.

PORK.

J. A. Hurd, 3 teams.

CLOTHING.

Naumkeag Clothing Co., 1 team.
Plymouth Rock Pants Co., 1 team.

MEDICINES.

B. S. S. Milton, 2 teams.
W. H. Smith, 1 team.

SEWING MACHINES.

Wheeler & Wilson, 3 teams.

PLUMBERS.

L. E. Millea, 2 teams.
F. A. Wendell, 4 teams.
C. H. Phippen, 1 team.
J. A. Andrews, 1 team.

CLOTHING.

Kent & Boynton, 1 team.

BAKERS.

John Hathaway, 4 teams.
A. D. Buxton, 3 teams.
L. W. Symonds, 1 team.
P. Hartigan (horse shoer) 1 team.
Richardson and Ramsdell, 1 team.
Joseph St. Yves, 1 team.
Ernest Priseault, 1 team.
H. F. Curtis, 2 teams.
Wm. H. Joll, 3 teams.
J. W. Dane, 1 team.

COLUMBUS DAY IN SALEM.

STOVES, ETC.

James F. Dean, 3 teams.
Wadleigh & Morse, 1 team.
W. S. Farmer, 1 team.
J. S. Washington, 1 team.
Geo. C. Smith, 1 team.

LEATHER AND SHOES.

Salem Shoe Store, 1 team.
J. F. Reynolds, 1 team.
J. T. Flynn, 2 teams.
J. Loring, 1 team.
John Heffernan & Co., 1 team.
Nugent Bros., 1 team.
Dennis Brady, 1 team.

ICE.

Charles Julyn, 1 team.
Dodge & Broughton, 1 team.
J. B. Bradstreet, 1 team.

HAY, GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

E. H. Merrill, 5 teams.
W. A. Cleveland, 2 teams.
Abbott & Reynolds, 3 teams.
Ropes Bros., 2 teams.
John West, 2 teams.

MACHINERY.

Vaughn Machine Co., 2 teams.
Smart & Spencer, 1 team.
Wm. F. Martin, 1 team.
Paul B. Patten, 1 team.
Locke Bros., 1 team.
Eagle Foundry, 2 teams.

OILS.

T. F. Little Oil Co., 2 teams.
U. W. Williams, 1 team.
P. O. Driscoll, 1 team.
People's Oil Co., 2 teams.
Salem and So. Danvers Oil Co., 3 teams.
Salem Waste Co., 1 team.

NEWS DEALERS.

Radford & Goldsmith, 1 team.

Merrill & Mackintire, 1 team.

CROCKERY.

George A. Fuller, 1 team.

Wm. F. Perry & Son, 1 team.

CARPENTERS.

A. F. Smith, 1 team.

Pitman & Brown, 2 teams.

Irving & Sage, 1 team.

James Fairfield, 6 teams.

BOTTLERS.

Ephraim Provo, 4 teams.

S. B. Winn & Son, 5 teams.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bay State Dye house, 1 team.

Salem Electric Lighting Co., 1 team.

Salem Steam Laundry, 3 teams.

Chas. E. Curtis, monuments, 2 teams.

R. H. Robson, bicycles, 1 team.

Favorite Night Lunch.

Merritt & Co., express, 2 teams.

J. J. Fopiano, fruit, 2 teams.

Lee Bros., furniture moving, 1 team.

E. A. Perkins, livery, 1 team.

Salem Storage warehouse, 1 team.

Salem file works, 1 team.

Andrews, Moulton & Johnson, 1 team.

W. H. Barnes, sewing machine, 1 team.

T. R. Williams, teamster, 1 team.

Union Pacific Tea Co., 1 team.

B. F. Hill, agricultural implements, 1 team.

Mrs. H. B. Goodhue, hair goods, 1 team.

Owl Night Lunch.

Carter, barber, 1 team.

Salem & Essex Dye House, 1 team.

Singer Sewing Machines, 3 teams.

Wood Lawn Poultry Farm, 1 team.

A. N. Locke, bicycle sulky.

The procession passed over the following route:—starting from the north side of Washington square, passing through Pleasant, Essex, Central, Front, Washington, Dodge, Lafayette (east side), countermarching at Loring avenue, Lafayette (west side), Washington, Bridge, North, countermarching at Orne, North, Federal, Boston, Essex, Flint, Chestnut, Summer and Essex streets.

EVENING EXERCISES.

The evening exercises at Cadet hall commenced at 7.45 o'clock, with the rendition of Mozart's "Gloria" by the Oratorio society. Arthur Foote officiated as director and W. S. Fenollosa at the piano.

Mayor Rantoul presided.

The programme was as follows:—

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| Gloria from Mozart's xii Mass. | Salem Oratorio Society. |
| Prayer by Rev. E. B. Willson of the North Church. | |
| Eichberg's National Hymn. | Salem Oratorio Society. |
| Oration by President E. B. Andrews, LL.D., ¹ of Brown University. | |
| "My native country,"—from Suppe. | |
| Solo by Miss Margaret E. Kelly. | |
| The Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah. | Oratorio Society. |

SOCIAL OBSERVANCES.

The Second Corps of Cadets and Veteran Cadet association held a banquet at Hamilton hall.

The tables were presided over by Maj. Johnson, acting commander, Col. Hart being absent on the governor's staff at Chicago. At his right sat Alderman Philip Little, chief marshal of the day's parade. E. H. Frye, humorist, of Boston, gave a very pleasing entertainment, after which informal speeches were made.

¹ Published in full by the city with the "City Documents for 1892."

At the conclusion of the parade the Salem Light Infantry Veteran's association sat down to a lunch furnished by Cassell in the Infantry Armory. Short addresses were delivered by Mayor Rantoul, Major Whipple, Prof. D. B. Hagar, Lieutenant Nathaniel Silsbee, Major Farless, Hubbard Breed, Geo. D. Phippen and Adj't Reynolds. This company paraded with 87 men, and kept open house in the armory all the afternoon.

A banquet was furnished by the Board of Trade to Marshal Webber and his aids at Fraternity Hall, at the close of the parade.

The Essex Court of Forresters held a banquet at their headquarters. James J. Murphy, chief ranger, was toast master, and after-dinner speaking of a patriotic order followed.

The Salem Veteran Firemen, to the number of 115, enjoyed a banquet at the Essex house. Josiah B. Osborn was master of ceremonies.

The Father Mathew Temperance Society celebrated by a dance at their hall in Franklin building. The young men in charge of the dance were: general manager, Wm. E. Hill; floor director, Joseph H. Tivnan; assistant floor director, Jeremiah O'Keefe; aids, Geo. Harrington, W. P. Walsh, James Burns, W. M. Shay, T. F. Lannon, James Crowley; reception committee, J. H. Tivnan, T. F. E. Nolan, Jere. O'Keefe.

The Young Men's Catholic Temperance society held a concert and dance at Temperance hall on Warren street. The party was managed by floor director C. R. Gannon; assistant floor director, J. F. Mullen; aids, P. Sweeney, J. O'Connell, W. Gannon, W. Carson, T. O'Keefe, J. Lucy, D. Flynn, G. Riley; reception committee, D. O'Brien, W. Looney, J. J. Saunders, C. Crowley.

The Columbus club held a dance at Armory hall. The

floor director was Walter C. Richardson, and W. C. Higgins, C. H. Dinsmore and J. H. Call officiated as aids.

Naumkeag tribe of Red Men held a grand peace dance at Odell hall.

THE DECORATIONS.

Decorations in honor of Columbus and the discovery of America were to be seen on every hand. Streamers of red, white and blue, and American flags floated in the breeze as well as the colors of Spain, from almost every building. On some buildings a single flag told the story of the great holiday and did honor to the great discoverer.

The most elaborate and artistic decorations on any building in the city were seen at the Essex Institute. In fact, nothing so elaborate and strikingly original had been attempted before in Salem. The work was under the direction of Mr. Ross Turner. The building showed nothing but the Spanish colors, except in the shields. From each window were suspended streamers, caught in place by golden wreaths, and streamers extended from the roof in the front centre down to below the second story windows, forming a tent-shaped effect. Underneath this, and resting upon the top of the porch was a picture of Columbus done in water colors, by Victor A. Searles. Surrounding this was painted a wreath of laurels intertwined with the Spanish colors, while in each corner was a shield, representing the United States, the City of Salem, commerce and navigation respectively. On the porch of the building rested a bust of Columbus, a copy from the Vatican, Rome, and on the left of the porch was the coat of arms of Aragon and Castile. On the right was the coat of arms of Columbus.

Directly in front of the steps to the main entrance of the Institute stood a large painted inscription :

Essex Institute

1492.

1892.

In honor of the Great Discoverer

Christopher Columbus.

First voyage Aug. 3, 1492.

Second voyage, Sept. 25, 1493.

Third voyage, May 30, 1498.

This was executed in imitation of tapestry with the shield of the United States on the right, and the shield of Spain on the left. Back of the inscription, so as to completely cover the steps to the building, was arranged a solid bank of palms and potted plants.

The decorations of the Peabody Academy of Science were extremely artistic. The Spanish colors, held in place with wreaths of bronze, hung from every window of the East India Marine building. At the extreme right and left of the building, just over the second story windows were grouped the flags of all nations representing the collections from many lands which the institution harbors. In the centre over the main entrance was a large scenic picture of the Santa Maria, by Mr. Ross Turner. The picture was enclosed in a border of tropical plants typical of the locality which Columbus first discovered, supposing it to be the mainland of America. This was surrounded by a wreath of oak and pine, and above all was the American eagle. The general effect was fine, and its maritime character was significant of the institution.

Porter & Son, Central street, decorated their market and restaurant in a striking way, introducing some original work. From over each door to the side of the building was drawn the American flag and under the centre hung a

painting of the American eagle holding a spray of olive in his talons. There were two of these pictures and both were painted especially for the occasion, the copy being the old custom house eagle just across the street. In the window was a very finely executed bust of Columbus cut from a cake of lard, and in front, done on the plate glass in colors were the Spanish and American flags.

The Naumkeag Clothing Company had streamers of red, white and blue from the roof of the building in the centre to the sides near the ground floor. In the centre over the second story was a large picture of "The Voyage of Columbus," showing the mutiny on board the Santa Maria.

William G. Webber & Co. had their Essex street front literally covered with the colors of the United States. The Spanish colors did not appear, but over the main entrance rested a mammoth painting 10 x 25 feet, by Upham, in three sections, the centre showing an allegorical group of America, with a portrait of Columbus on the right and Washington on the left.

Frank Cousins' Bee Hive displayed innumerable small American flags arranged in a string from the second story windows. In the first floor windows at the right of the main entrance was a picture of Washington, while next on the right was a picture representing Columbus before the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. These were framed in red, white and blue.

The jewelry store of Daniel Low, corner of Essex and Washington street, showed thought and artistic taste in its decorations. The outside was festooned with the American colors, in graceful lines. In the first window on Essex street was a water color of the Santa Maria, by Mr. Ross Turner; this was enclosed in a frame of white and gold, and surmounted by a picture of Columbus from the Berlin

Gallery, encased in a fine solid silver frame, all draped with the Spanish colors. The second window showed an American flag with forty-four gold pins for the stars in the Union. It was mounted on a white ebony staff with a string of gold braid for cord. In the third window was a picture of the "Modern Witch," sailing gayly through space on a broom, side-saddle fashion, as the witches of olden times are supposed to have done. The picture was finely done in water colors and framed with a frame made entirely from Mr. Low's famous Witch spoons.

Almy, Bigelow & Washburn did homage and honor to Columbus and Spain by blending the colors of Spain with the colors of the United States, in many an artistic curve, while above all floated the American flag.

George A. Collins had a portrait of the "Great Discoverer," set in a triangular frame of red, white and blue bunting.

The Peabody Building and office of the Salem Evening News had streamers suspended from the top with the colors of Spain running about those of the states. Over the front entrance was a picture of Columbus, and the window of the News office showed a like portrait.

At T. A. Devine's, corner of Front and Lafayette street, Columbus was shown on canvas in a different role from the "Discovery," pleading before the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. The huge painting which adorned the Front street side of the building showed "Columbus at the surrender of Granada." It was tastefully draped in colors of both nations.

The Salem Board of Trade rooms presented a picture of Columbus with the colors of Spain as a base and of the United States overhead.

The Plummer Hall building was not decorated, but

a cluster of Spanish colors were hung over the street, with two large American flags on either side.

The stores of Henry Hale & Co. and Briggs & Wilkins were festooned with bunting. In the window of the latter firm was a fine old picture, "The first sight of Land," showing the sailors, who in other pictures are represented in mutiny a few days before, falling on their knees and kissing the robes of the great Columbus.

One of the most interesting portraits on exhibition among the decorations was displayed in the window of E. V. Emilio. It was a Landing of Columbus, a copy of the original picture in the collection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence.

The furniture stores of J. L. Lougee and W. C. Packard & Co. were handsomely decorated with streamers.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
OF THE
ESSEX INSTITUTE.

VOL. XXX. APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1893. Nos. 4, 5, 6.

THE BUILDING OF ESSEX BRIDGE.



THE one hundredth anniversary of the opening of a bridge between Beverly and Salem was observed with great spirit on Monday, September 24, 1888. The occurrence naturally called forth a general expression of interest in the old structure,—in its history,—in the incidents

of its building,—occasioning a display in itself worth going far to see, and commemorating an event by no means likely to be exaggerated in the estimate of its effects upon the past and future growth of Southern Essex County. The weather was so unusual as to rise quite above the commonplace, as a topic for remark. At the close of an excep-

tionally rainy season, and of what was thought to be the wettest September of the century commemorated, came eight whole days of incessant wind and rain, only interrupted on Monday and Tuesday long enough for the execution of the admirable programme announced. The decorations were tattered and dripping before they were removed. But on the historic day itself the skies were fair, and so remained until the last rocket was discharged and the last bonfire had burned out. The wind, which blew little less than a gale on Monday morning, gave way before night-fall to the calm which is indispensable to such a pageant, and resumed its sway again before Tuesday's sunset.

The celebration was spontaneous and informal. Dining and speech-making—the bane of modern festivities—were discarded. From early dawn to midnight, the picturesque old bridge was seen by the thousands who gazed upon it from steam-car windows near at hand, or from water-craft floating about the bay, as well as by the other thousands who made it a duty or a pleasure to cross it once more that day, flaunting its streamers like the shipping in the harbor, and decorated also with banners across its length, each inscribed with a bit of history or sentiment.

Perhaps the last time the bridge had appeared in gala dress before, was on the occasion of Lafayette's visit in 1824. On that day in August there was a heavy rain-fall, in the midst of which Captain George Dodge, a son of the first vice-president, who was afterwards one of the presidents of the bridge corporation, marched over the structure in the ranks of the military escort, and on the centennial day, at the age of ninety-one, he crossed it again. Dr. John H. Batchelder, president of the Salem Board of Aldermen, who acted as chairman of the joint committee which arranged the celebration, was also on

the bridge as a lad to see Lafayette, and remembered a trooper and his horse falling at his feet on the slippery planking as the cortege went by.

The first of the inscriptions seen on approaching from the Salem side read thus :

FREE INTERCOURSE HELPS FRATERNAL FEELING.

1788.

1888.

And on the reverse of the decoration could be read :

1788. WHAT THE FATHERS BEQUEATHED
THE SONS WILL CHERISH. 1888.

Upon the arch spanning the draw were these words, blazoned on either side :

1788.

FIRST PIER RAISED MAY 3.

LAST PIER, SEPTEMBER 6.

OPENED FOR PUBLIC TRAVEL, SEPTEMBER 24.

COST \$16,000.

At the Beverly approach, the inscriptions to be seen on the Salem end were reversed, so that the traveler, in crossing the bridge, found himself confronted by each of these suggestive legends in turn. For the day, the sign board once displayed at the toll-gate and bearing the rates of toll established by law,—it had long been a cherished relic in the cabinets of the Institute—was removed from its retreat on the walls of Daland House and restored to its familiar abiding place beside the draw. Over the landing on the Salem side, at the end of Ferry Lane, were these words :

FERRY ESTABLISHED BETWEEN
NORTH POINT AND CAPE ANN SIDE :
26 DECEMBER, 1636.

And the legend, at the Beverly Landing—a "town landing" still,—much used within the last half century for the

unlading of fish in transit from the schooner's hold to the drying flakes ; a process of pitching with heavy forks from deep-sunk dories into tip-carts which stood, horse, cart and man, waist-deep in the sea,—was this :

FERRY LANDING, LAID OUT BY THE COURT OF
SESSIONS, 5 JANUARY, 1698.

At night-fall the masses of interested spectators, far and near, compared in numbers with the population of the two municipalities engaged. A considerable police force, under command of City Marshal Hart of Salem, and another from Beverly under Chief of Police Woodbury, maintained order, and kept the concourse of pedestrians and of vehicles in constant motion. A new foot-way had been lately added on the eastern side of the bridge, the strength of which, not calculated for such an exigency, had not before been proved, and it was only by an approach to the unreachèd desideratum of perpetual motion that the foot-way could be insured against the massing of spectators at eligible points, or the road-bed of the bridge against an absolute blockade of carriage travel. Fortunately no accident occurred, and the enjoyment of the day was unalloyed. Travelers who had seen the best the old world has to offer,—Venice in her evening beauty,—the “*Italienische Nacht*” of northern Europe,—the fêtes about Lake Lehman at the ingathering of the vintage,—the torchlight processions of boats on the Rhine,—and the midnight pageants which are common on the interment of the Swabian princes,—found something in the impromptu display at Beverly Bridge which was wholly to their liking. Orne's Point and the Willows showed their beacon fires—the Bar, exposed by the low tide which made the promised procession of water-craft impossible, had its bonfire, and Ram's Horn Beacon its pyramid of flame.

The contemporary press has chronicled the display with so much elaboration and accuracy of detail that little remains to say. From the water battery at the Junipers all the way round to Tuck's Point, almost without a break, stretched one continuous cordon of sparkling points of fire, while from Joshua's Mountain to the Gas House wharf, picked out with gas-jets and incandescent lights, and projected boldly against the sky, rose a forest of masts and electric poles, reflected in the sombre tide below, each bearing its tribute of bunting or of flame, and all brought into high relief, now and again, by some blazing rocket or exploding bomb. The harbor, being naturally the best point from which to see the show, was alive with flitting launches and long lines of moving dories, each bearing its lights and flags. The bridge stretched its low outline, as though festooned with strings of pearls, the powerful arc-lights flashing like larger diamonds, here and there, all mirrored in the tide.

For most of the day, Missud's famous Cadet Band had occupied a position near the Salem Ferry Landing, and on the Beverly side another military band was posted high in the air, at the top of Girdler's coal elevator, and from this lofty eyrie took up the strain in turn, like strophe and antistrophe in the old Greek chorus, so that from mid-day until almost midnight the air throbbled with martial music. The schools had been dismissed at noon, and the reverberation of a hundred guns,—Captain Duchesney's Parrot Battery ordered there for the purpose,—fifty rounds at high noon,—fifty at sunset,—accented the common joy and made the startled sea-gulls flutter.

During the day a scow, manned with two sweeps and a steersman to scull, well enough representing the ferry boat of another century, plied between the two sides of the stream, and an old chaise belonging in Peabody, which

was said to have crossed the ferry in its better days, for it might well have figured as the "one hoss shay" when the bridge was opened, made its trips across the planks under the guidance of our famous octogenarian huntsman, Benjamin Grover, who was arrayed in antique garb and furnished with a horse and harness of unmistakable archaic pretensions.

The Dixey tavern, and George Cabot's house, where Washington was entertained at breakfast, were both, with other hospitable residences in Beverly, in holiday attire, and when the scene fitly closed at last, and the harvest moon rose slowly behind the islands and asserted her prerogative, a day of genuine and unique enjoyment had been added to the span of life. The Storm King, who seemed for the moment to have abdicated in the interest of hospitality and good neighborhood, resumed his sway. It was as though a curtain had been lifted on the brilliant scene and then let drop again.

Why all this pride, pomp, circumstance? There are other bridges as old,—as costly,—as substantial,—as picturesque. Southern Essex County would seem to be the limit of its importance,—and its engineering, which challenged the admiration of Washington, was long ago outdone by more modern achievements. Yet for us there is but one bridge. Let it burn to-night and you shall then appreciate its value. It would then be recognized as the missing link between two unique communities,—on the south side, Salem,—a city almost the oldest in the state, whether considered as to settlement or civic honors,—only Plymouth ahead of her in birth,—only Boston before her as a city,—steady in growth, but slow,—rich in resources,—rich in history also; and on the north, Beverly, eldest born of her many daughters,—rich also in tradition and in wealth,—knocking with some impatience already for admittance to the sisterhood of Massachusetts cities.

If one could tell us how many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of valuables have passed the old bridge, north or south, in the year just closed,—how many loads of fuel and lime and bricks and lumber,—how many boxes of shoes and barrels of bread stuffs,—how many costly vehicles of pleasure or profit,—we should cease to wonder that it commands our interest. Or if one could count the loads of hay and kitchen truck—of animal and human food—which pass the old bridge in a twelve-month, and which could, at present values, reach neither the Salem nor the Boston markets without it,—relegate all this to the old Boston road, by the Horse Bridge and Danvers Plains and Saugus, or try to move its bulk across Bass River by ferriage or even by freight-car on the railway, and you shall see what the bridge meant to Rowley and Ipswich, and Hamilton and Wenham, and Manchester and Gloucester, as well as to Beverly and to Salem—for which of these thrifty places would have been quite what they are without the bridge?

The retail trade which now pays its tribute to Salem, from Beverly and Manchester, and Hamilton and Wenham, no bridge existing, must find accommodation elsewhere. Much of it is brought here even now by our neighbors who have heavy farming and gardening products to dispose of, and who if they did not sell them here, would take their trade to Boston. There would be scant profit in farming and gardening between the Merriac and Beverly if there were no access to the Salem market but a ferry-boat,—if the way to Boston remained what it was when the Port Bill and the Siege were starving the little capital into rebellion and enforced dependence on her neighbors!

The condition of travel preceding the building of the bridge must be briefly sketched. Conant, Woodbury and

the rest had found their way to "Cape Ann Syde" in dugouts up Bass River, first landing near the river head; then, in 1649, at Draper's Point, where a highway and landing were established that year by the General Court. But John Stone, the son-in-law of William Dixey, had been licensed, Dec. 26, 1636, to maintain for the term of three years, a ferry between his house at "North Point" or the "Neck" and "Cape Anne Syde," and to charge a penny a passage for each inhabitant and two pence for a stranger. There was no provision for beasts of burthen nor for cattle.

William Dixey took the ferry for three years, in Dec., 1639—"he to keep an horse-boate," and to have besides the fares above allowed, "for meeres, horses, and other great beasts, 6d. : for goats, calves and swine, 2d." These were active, growing years. Mackerell Cove was enough of a village to be named in 1642. William Dixey certifies, Dec. 30, 1646, "that being imployed by y^e towne of Salem to find out a way fro' th^t towne towards Manchester, doe testifie that we found a way and made it sufficient."

The five farms by the Great Pond Side were granted, 1636. Bass River Side began to agitate for autonomy in 1649,—got leave to form a church, 1650,—employed the Hibbards, Joshua and Jeremiah, as preachers and teachers about 1654, and was practically independent of Salem in 1659.

Joshua Hibbard, from whom we may suppose Joshua's mountain to have derived its name, was preaching there from May, 1653; and Jeremiah, who lived in Lieutenant Thomas Lothrop's house, after July, 1654. This is the date of the capture of St. Johns and Port Royal.

Woods' New England Prospect says that in 1639 the planters were getting their hay and corn from farms across the river and were using "cannowes" made of

whole pine trees, "about two foote and a half over and twenty foote long." He says they are numerous and styles them "water-horses."

But even after the establishment of a ferry,—with places of entertainment at either landing,—Stone's house making way for the Massey Tavern at the Salem end, and a platform and stable being established on the Beverly side, in 1752, with Dixie's, afterwards Leach's, Tavern just beyond,—the ferry was still an obstruction to travel. When Captain Lothrop was killed at Bloody Brook, the authorities of the Colony appointed John Hathorne of Salem to command the Beverly train-band, and a remonstrance, which proved effectual, gives as one ground of objection, that "on account of distance and the inconveniency of the ferry, he is, in a manner, wholly incapable to be serviceable unto us."

The Ferry was at first approached on the Salem side by a bridle-path or footway eight feet wide,—the width of a good sidewalk,—which followed the banks of the North River all the way down from Town Bridge, where Bridge street now enters Goodhue and Boston streets. This was most zealously guarded in the early legislation of the town. A long section of it was discontinued, March 9, 1767, on the laying out of Federal street. In 1761 Miles Ward deposed that he had known and used it since 1690. Portions of it can be traced at the end near the Ferry, along the upland east of the railroad bed, between Skerry and Conant streets, and in March street court a section of it probably survives.

By an order dated 1644—"such as have houses and lots next the water-side shall maintayne a good way both for horse and man of eight foote broad at least upon payne of presentm^t and fine." Ensign Dixie kept the tavern on the Beverly Side in 1652 and promised the town to

keep the "countrie way in sufficient repayre for horse and carts" in consideration that it be continued before his house.

These lanes and footways were not rigidly located but were moved about from time to time. On the Salem side the marshy tract near the Ferry was apportioned in lots to heads of families as early as 1637, deriving its value from the thatch and flags which could be cut there. It was known as the Planter's Marsh. Landlord Gedney of the "Ship Tavern" had a twelve-acre farm, for the supply of his hospitable table, a little to the southeasterly, and was allowed, in 1657-8, to fence in the lane, so he kept a footway open with gates and turn-stiles, through the fields towards the ferry, and paid the town forty shillings. In 1649 the lane is spoken of as a "highway" in exchange for the appropriation of which he is to "leave a way to the watering place."

In 1644, George Emery was allowed to fence in this "highway leaving a stile or gate to goe to the water," and in 1657, it was ordered that Francis Skerry, a large landholder on the neck, "doe forthwith remove his fence to the enlargment of the countrie way one pole into his grounds, and answer all damages to the town through his neglect," and again in 1680, having "enclosed a lane of the towne's by the Planter's marsh, and set his fence too far out by the Ferry, he must this year rectify."

1639 was a year of progress. A state highway was projected and carried through from Newbury to Hingham and the Old Colony. The Colony Records for 1639 and 1640 show its character. Dixey could no doubt do better with a tavern on the Cape Ann than on the Salem side, for all the heavier marketing which would be in demand and would choke up a ferry-way, such as hay and corn and kitchen gardening were furnished from the north

and east of Salem. He took the ferry for three years and set up the first horse-boat. The fares were continued at "2d from a stranger: for townesmen or townedwellers 1d a piece: for mares, horses and great other beasts, six pence a piece: for goats, calves and swine 2d a piece." And this adjustment seems to have given satisfaction for fourteen years, when in 1653, Richard Stackhouse, "for the relief of his familie, is to have the keeping of the ferry towards Ipswich"—and we find him there in 1659 when the town desired an "Inlardgm" of the highway to the ferry, and took forty rods of land from "ffrancis Skerry" for the purpose, giving him in return twelve acres of upland. These cross-lot bye-ways would hardly satisfy our modern requirements—though they are common in the older parts of England, and for picturesqueness and romantic interest cannot be surpassed. They of course involved the removal and replacing of bars, whenever the way passed from one man's to another man's "propriety;" gates were a later expedient, but few of the footways and bridle-paths so often met with in the old world are now without both gates and turn-stiles. John Massey kept the ferry in 1686, having built there in 1661. A new Ferry Lane was laid out in 1701 and was so called for the next half century. The tolls from the Ferry were appropriated to the support of grammar schools in Salem. This was naturally regarded by Beverly as a grievance. Frequent protests were made,—notably a vigorous one in 1737,—but to no purpose. In 1783 better accommodations were secured,—boats were ordered on each side of the river at night and no more than double ferriage to be charged for the use of them. The Salem approach was, at great expense, reconstructed in 1784, in the hope of silencing the growing demand for a bridge. The time for more reliable means of communication was

at hand. Not merely the friction growing out of unsatisfactory management hastened it on, but the elements also were allies of the new dispensation. Very frequently the Ferry froze over; not always so firmly as to be passable on the ice, but sufficiently to impede for days the passage of a boat. It was impassable in storms. In 1662 John Balch, a grandson of Roger Conant, was drowned while crossing in a tempest.

Joseph Willard, a civil engineer who had passed nine years of his life in Beverly, where his father, afterwards President of Harvard College, was pastor of the First Church from 1772 to 1781, testified that the bridge problem had been to him a subject of constant study during that period, and that he had made measurements on the ice in 1780. His results, with a map, are on file at the State House.

At the close of the war of Independence the gallant and distinguished Frenchmen who had done so much in aid of our arms and hoped so much from us as a potent ally and as grateful beneficiaries, made haste to acquaint themselves with the actual condition and resources of the country. A party of them crossed this ferry, on their way from Newbury to Boston and their observations throw a side light upon our subject.

The eminent French author, the Marquis de Chastellux, member of the Academy of France and a Major-General holding a command under the Count de Rochambeau in the allied forces of France in America, the familiar correspondent of Washington, who playfully addresses him as a "philosopher and a soldier," gives us a charming picture of the locality we are considering, as it looked to him and to his staff, in the autumn of 1782. In his "Travels in North America," the writer details a journey he made on horseback from Hartford to Portsmouth by the way of

Concord, Lexington, Haverhill and Exeter and back through Newbury and Salem to Boston, in company with his brilliant and distinguished Aids-de-Camp, the Barons de Taleyrand, de Vaudreuil and de Montesquieu. "Before you arrive at Salem,"—the writer says,—“is a handsome rising town called Beverley. This is a new establishment produced by commerce, on the left shore of the creek which bathes the town of Salem on the north side. One cannot but be astonished to see beautiful houses, large warehouses, etc., springing up in great numbers, at so small a distance from a commercial town, the prosperity of which is not diminished by it.”

Here the translator, a Scotch gentleman then living at the “Sun Tavern” in Salem (where the Essex House now stands, known also before the Revolution as the “King’s Arms” and later as “Goodhue’s” from William Goodhue who kept it, although in the autumn of 1782, Samuel Robinson figured as “mine host” of the “Sun Tavern”), inserts this note :

“The town of Beverley began to flourish greatly towards the conclusion of the war by the extraordinary spirit of enterprise and the great success of the Messieurs Cobbets, gentlemen of strong understanding and the most liberal minds, well adapted to the most enlarged commercial undertakings, and the business of government. Two of their privateers had the good fortune to capture in the European seas, a few weeks previous to the peace, several West Indiamen to the value of at least £100,000 sterling.”

The French author then adds—“We crossed the creek in two flat-bottomed boats, containing each six horses. In crossing, we could very plainly distinguish the opening of the harbour, and a castle situated on the extremity of the neck, which defends the entrance. This neck is a tongue of land running to the eastward, and connected

with Salem only by a very narrow sort of causeway. On the other side of the neck, and of the causeway, is the creek that forms the true port of Salem, which has no other defence than the extreme difficulty of entering without a good practical pilot. The view of these two ports which are confounded together to the sight,—that of the town of Salem, which is embraced by two creeks, or rather arms of the sea,—the ships and edifices which appear intermingled,—forms a very beautiful picture, which I regret not having seen at a better season of the year.

“As I had no letters for any inhabitants of Salem, I alighted at Goodhue’s tavern, now kept by Mr. Robinson, which I found very good, and was soon served with an excellent supper. In this Inn was a sort of Club of merchants, two or three of whom came to visit me; and amongst others M. de la Fille, a merchant of Bourdeaux, who had been established five years at Boston.” (Perhaps his translator was a member of this club. The date of the arrival of the Marquis de Chastellux at Salem, was November 13, 1782. The translator had dined with Washington at his headquarters in October and marched north with the French contingent. He records in a foot-note, his extreme regret at not meeting the Marquis on his sojourn in Salem. He was absent in Boston attending a Concert Hall Assembly. M. de Chastellux did not leave Salem without visiting the ware-houses and shipping. About twenty sails were in port. In general, he says, the place has a rich and animated appearance. Towards noon on the 14th of November, he mounted his horse and rode to Boston, surprised as he says to see the town or suburb of Salem extending near a mile to the westward. He took the old Boston road, by way of the Bell Tavern.)

It should be remembered that when there was no bridge there was no Bridge street. It is difficult to re-

produce Bass River and the North River without a railroad or a bridge,—without a wharf in the foreground or a church spire in the distance,—no factories, no gas works, no hives of varied industry, no monuments of skill and enterprise,—only a changeless monotony in the struggle for life; nothing for the eye but meadow and forest, a few fishing smacks, a score or two of cabins, here and there a patch of tillage,—unbroken snow in winter,—unbroken dullness everywhere. Thus the poet paints it:

“About the borders of the Sea

“The sea-folk wandered heavily:

“About the wintry river-side

“The weary fishers would abide.”

It is probably an easier task for average imaginative powers to create out of nothing a scene which has never been, than it is to eliminate from the mind all trace of a familiar picture, and restore from fancy the scene which existed there before the present picture came within our ken. But such was the Salem of the old planters.

Bridge street, as we see it, had no being until 1789. The broad expanse of salt marsh extending from river to cove was first devoted as we have seen mainly to crops of flag and thatch and meadow hay; invaluable supplies to a primitive population. Cabins which were encased in clay-boards,—a word now corrupted or refined into clap-boards, for upon these outside strips of boarding was applied, in lieu of mortar, a “rough cast” of clay called “daubbing,”—and which were imbedded, on the roof, under a mass of thatch,—perhaps the most picturesque and the most unwholesome device ever hit upon for housing the human species,—rendered a tract of salt marsh near town well nigh invaluable to the first inhabitants, and this tract was long known as the “old planter’s marsh.”

It had its clay pit and potter's field, and gradually came into the possession of a few large land holders, Francis Skerry, and later, William Burnett Brown and Benjamin Pickman and Dudley Woodbridge, being of the number. The lane leading to the town landing and ferry no doubt followed the bank of the North River because it was of essential importance for the taking of fish and clams for a food supply, and also for the general purpose of communication with the farms in North Fields and at Bass River Head and Cape Ann Side and Marble Harbor, that there should be a free open passage-way skirting the rivers.

But when travel had grown and a bridge was to be built, directness between point and point became the first consideration, and a broad straight avenue was laid out through the marsh, and this at once attracted the attention of men of taste and means as an eligible place of residence. The fine residences in Chestnut street and Washington square were not then erected. A noble row of American elms, the finest trees we have for street decoration, was set out.

The Woodbridges, a wealthy and prominent family, built the great brick mansion house at the corner of March street,—another great brick house, burned in 1864, was erected opposite,—the water views and landscape vistas in front and rear were much admired,—and for a time this northern street seemed likely to become the "court end" of Salem. But Captain Pickering Dodge, who had intended building there, and perhaps Hon. Dudley L. Pickman and Humphrey Devereux, Esquire, also, decided that another marshy tract between Essex street and Broad Fields was, on the whole, to be preferred, and accordingly erected some of the stately mansions which have lent an abiding charm and wide celebrity to Chestnut street.

The charter of the bridge was not secured without a struggle. The proposal to span the ferry-way with a bridge came from Beverly. Naturally that town had the larger interest in securing an easy passage of the river, and naturally such a proposal, coming from another town, did not attract Salem.

If we take up the movement and follow it through its historical periods, the grounds of objection and advocacy will in turn receive full justice.

The archives of the Commonwealth, covering this time, furnish interesting reading. The first recorded movement for a bridge seems to have been initiated June 13, 1787, by the execution of an agreement for stock. Its language well describes the situation. All but six shares were at once subscribed for.

AGREEMENT OF THE SUBSCRIBERS FOR SHARES IN ESSEX BRIDGE.

WHEREAS, to obtain the easiest, safest and least expensive communication between the inhabitants of different parts of a country, particularly those of the most populous parts of it, has always been considered as essentially necessary in order to facilitate commerce, to encourage agriculture and the mechanic arts and to accommodate individuals: And whereas a bridge across the river running between Salem and Beverly would be of great convenience and utility to the Eastern parts of this Commonwealth, and to the public at large, and would greatly benefit the populous County of Essex, by enabling the inhabitants of the country towns to carry their articles of produce to market, and also to carry goods from thence, at a much less expense than they now do; so that they would be able to sell to the inhabitants of the Sea Port Towns at a lower price, and buy their goods at a price something higher than they could otherwise afford, and at the same time both parties make a greater profit to themselves: And whereas the towns of Salem and Beverly, beside being accommodated with a bridge in their intercourse with each other, may expect to receive particular advantage therefrom by having their markets more plentifully supplied with the produce of the country, and thereby bringing new purchasers for their merchandise and more employment to their mechanics and labourers:

Now we, the subscribers, to promote the beneficial ends before mentioned, do each of us covenant, agree and engage with each other subscriber to this writing, that we will each of us become a proprietor in a wooden bridge to be erected across the river running between Salem and Beverly, and will take so many shares therein as are affixed to our names respectively, the whole being divided into two hundred shares, and such sums at such instalments, and at such times after the first day of December next, to pay and advance therefor to the directors or managers who may hereafter be appointed, as shall be agreed on and voted by a major part of the subscribers, allowing to each subscriber as many votes as he has subscribed shares.

The covenants and engagements before mentioned are upon this condition: that the General Court do incorporate us for the purpose of building said bridge before the first day of December next, upon such terms and with such privileges as shall be approved of and accepted by a major part of the subscribers, each being allowed at the meetings to give as many votes as he has subscribed for shares in the bridge.

In witness whereof, we have hereto subscribed our names, this thirteenth day of June, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven.

John Cabot, ten shares.
 George Cabot, ten shares.
 Brown & Thorndike, sixteen shares.
 Joseph Lee, eight shares.
 Andrew Cabot, twelve shares.
 Zachariah Gage, six shares.
 Hugh Hill, six shares.
 Thomas Hovey, one share.
 William Homan, one share.
 Samuel Goodridge, one share.
 Thomas Stephens, two shares.
 John Lovett, 4th, two shares.
 Joseph Baker, two shares.
 Isaac Chapman, two shares.
 Benjamin Ellingwood, four shares.
 John Dike, one share.
 George Cabot, for Deborah Cabot, for five shares.
 Nathaniel Lampson, one share.
 Josiah Batchelder, Jr., two shares.
 George Dodge, five shares.

Wm. Gray, Jun^r, three shares.
 N. Goodale, two shares.
 John Derby, ten shares.
 John Saunders, Jun^r, five shares.
 Jno. Appleton, two shares.
 Joseph Grafton, for E. H. Derby, Esq., four shares.
 Joseph Grafton, one share.
 Thomas Davis, Jun^r, two shares.
 John Dyson, two shares.
 Henry Williams, one share.
 Joseph Wood, one share.
 Israel Thorndike, for Daniel Rogers, two shares.
 Brown & Thorndike, four shares.
 Israel Thorndike, for Jacob Oliver, two shares.
 Joseph Grafton, for Edward Pulling, Esq., two shares.
 Wm. Prescott, one share.
 Jno. Tittle, one share.
 Nathan Dane, two shares.
 Nathan Leach, one share.

| | |
|--|---|
| John Fisk, five shares, provided the bridge is built where the ferry now is. | Joseph Grafton, for Sarah Pickman, three shares. |
| Joseph White, three shares. | John Dane, one share. |
| Dudley Woodbridge, ten shares. | Israel Thorndike, for Mary Bowles, two shares. |
| Joshua Plummer, ten shares. | George Cabot, three shares. |
| John Saunders, three shares. | Asa Leach, one share. |
| Benjamin Pickman, five shares, if the bridge is built near ferry lane. | Robert Haskell, two shares. Larkin Thorndike, one share. George Cabot, three shares.* Israel Thorndike, three shares.* |

*Subscribed May 3, 1788, agreeable to a vote of the directors.

A petition to the General Court, dated June 18, put the matter on these grounds: "Inhabitants of the Eastern part of the Commonwealth, in passing to and from the great market towns of Boston, Salem and Marblehead, are either subjected to the inconvenience of passing a long ferry or obliged to travel several miles out of their way, over a very bad and unpleasant road," and "are mostly unable to transport any heavy goods or produce, the ferry being entirely useless for that purpose."

It is an interesting fact that the first petition of Beverly to be set off from Salem, dated 1659, assigns the ferry as the only reason.

At once Salem parties, opposed to the building of any bridge, began to advocate as an alternative a bridge connecting Orne's Point in North Salem, with Joshua's Mountain in Beverly.

On the 21st of June a town meeting was held in Beverly. The Orne's Point project¹ was denounced as involving a bridge one-fourth greater in length as well as cost. The representatives of the town were unanimously instructed for a bridge, and to characterize the ferry as being "for carts and wagons totally useless."

A printed blank form of petition for the bridge was in

¹ The Orne's Point project had life in it as late as 1807.

circulation and numerous signed copies began to reach the State House. That from Ipswich was received June 22: from Gloucester June 27: Newburyport, Boxford, Andover, Topsfield, Wenham, Manchester, Amesbury and Methuen joined the movement a little later, and all were unanimous for the bridge. Sixteen towns in the county had declared for it before November, leaving Danvers and a part of Salem alone in opposition.

The declared object was to "facilitate intercourse with the opulent town of Salem."

Manchester set forth her views in these words: A bridge had long been their earnest wish in order to reach Salem and Marblehead. "Eighty-five poor widows of the war, encircled with a numerous offspring of 135 fatherless children, are almost wholly supported in manufacturing cloths, nearly the whole carried by them to Salem market in exchange for raw material and food."

Newburyport brought forward these reasons, in a document elegantly engrossed by an agent of the town, specially delegated to push on the project: "All on the banks of the Merrimac are always intimately connected with Salem and Marblehead merchants, in ship-building for them, and in winter, when no water-ways are open, there is great inconvenience in transporting sails, stores, rigging, and goods taken in payment by them. Mails are delayed by the snow through Danvers, and there is trouble and danger from wind at the ferry. They have weighed the Salem remonstrance and think the objections imaginary. They are unanimous for a bridge at the ferry."

Wenham, on a second vote, June 22, denounced the old Boston road as uneven and bad, and declared for a way which would take their produce through the heart of Salem. They desired a bridge at the ferry.

Newburyport again pronounced her judgment, June 25,

in these terms : " The way from this town and the whole eastern part of the state to the large commercial towns of Salem and Marblehead, is circuitous and sometimes floundrous and bad." It had been long the earnest wish of Newburyport for a bridge, as asked for by George Cabot and others.

Marblehead declared herself, June 26. This was a town a little off the line from Ipswich to Boston, but a seaport and market of the first importance. It was not very long since Marblehead had been a more important place than Salem.¹

This was the verdict of Marblehead. Her freeholders, in town meeting assembled, declared that the bridge should be built, and that the place for it was from Ferry Lane in Salem to the ferry-ways in Beverly. Rowley was " unanimous for a wooden bridge at or nigh where y^e ferry is now kept."

Against this overwhelming current, gathering head as it moved along, stood, like a rock, the ancient, historic town of Danvers. The town, it will be remembered, then comprised what is now Peabody, as well as Putnamville, Tapleyville, the Plains, the Village and New Mills. It was a unit against the bridge. Single handed or with whatever help might offer, it was resolved to fight to the last, and the massed array of Essex County was confronted in that antique spirit in which the town had sent its sons to Concord but a dozen years before,—the spirit in which an earlier struggle over a bridge had been fought out by the Roman Champions when they stayed the Vols-cian Cohorts thundering at their gates :

" For if they once may win the Bridge

" What hope to save the town."

¹From 1765 to 1775 Marblehead was second to Boston alone in population, houses, families, taxable valuation, tonnage and foreign commerce.

A glance at the map will show that they fought with reason. There were now no bridges over the Merrimac and in the problem to be solved, we may consider only the towns lying south of the river. From Newburyport and Ipswich there was a way to Boston shorter than that through Salem, crossing no ferry, and leaving wholly on one side the great towns of Beverly, Salem, Marblehead and Lynn. Chief Justice Sewall, when coming to Salem from Boston to attend the burial of Ex-Governor Bradstreet, April 2, 1697, in company with the Governor and other dignitaries, rode by the Butts, a brook near the old aqueduct sources, and was there met and escorted into town by a troop of horse, and a cavalcade of leading citizens.

John Adams, when riding the eastern circuit as a young lawyer, in August, 1766, and visiting his brother-in-law, Cranch, then domiciled in the ancient house at the foot of Creek street, entered town by the same road, and by the same circuitous march Col. Timothy Pickering was obliged to move the Essex Regiment for Concord, on that hot day in April, 1775. They used the old country way between Boston and Ipswich. When Benedict Arnold marched for Quebec, though himself dining with a friend in Salem, he took his force by the same route through Danvers Plains and North Beverly. The Marquis de Chastellux when leaving Salem for Boston, in 1782, found no turnpike through the great pastures, but turned his horse's head at Buffum's corner, and made his way to Danvers over the Boston road, now called Boston street.

The heavy freight which now moves from Rowley, Ipswich, Hamilton and Wenham, to Boston by the bridge, did so if at all in those days through the town of Danvers, crossing Lynn between Brown and Spring ponds and passing a ford or bridge at the iron works in Saugus. Endicott found no boat or canoe there in April, 1631, and

passed it on foot in October of that year ; and Dunton, in 1686, "rid to the river," usually crossed, he says, in a canoe, but preferred a ferry, as he had a lady riding behind him to Ipswich. There was no ferry there until 1639.

Any proposition which would result in diverting travel from this accustomed though inconvenient line to another running through Beverly and Salem and nearer Marblehead was sure to be resisted to the death by Danvers.

The town met June 28 and again July 2, to remonstrate. A committee of seven was chosen to oppose and to employ counsel. Three Putnams, two Paiges, a Shillaber and a Fowler, composed the committee. The river, they argued, was their only channel to the sea. They had five vessels in the Grand Bank fisheries and more to come. They had coasters from the east and fishermen in the bay. All trade and fisheries, they feared, would be discouraged. The Post Road to Boston, through Danvers by the Bell Tavern, is a mile nearer for eastern towns than by the Ferry. A bridge would not help an eighth part of the county, and to a demonstration will be greatly prejudicial to Danvers.

An order of notice returnable in five days was served June 29 on Salem and Danvers, and even this dry detail has its features of interest. It is signed in the senate "S. Adams, Prefid." and bears interlineations and corrections in the tremulous hand of that veteran king-hater,—the very hand once in the same old State House pointed at the vacillating servants of the crown, when he confronted them with the declaration that if they could remove one regiment of the Boston garrison they could remove two, and that the committee he represented would have both removed or neither. On the sixth of July a view was ordered at the equal expense of petitioners and remonstrants.

Meanwhile Salem began to formulate a policy. A memorial dated June 26, was filed in the Senate two days later, signed by Joseph Sprague and many others, setting forth these views: "Boston is as near Ipswich and the towns east by Danvers as by the ferry; the road is not quite so good; the petitioners have subscribed for stock and will build a bridge from Orne's Point to Beverly, and ask to be incorporated for that purpose; other towns would not have joined Beverly had they known that the same facility could be had at Orne's Point."

This was followed by a town meeting July 3, which took strong grounds against the bridge. For the moment Danvers seemed promised the help of a strong ally. A committee of three was appointed to correspond with other towns,—to retain counsel,—to protest,—to demand a view,—and to do what they might to defeat the bridge. Joseph Sprague, Samuel Ward and Nathaniel Ropes were the committee, and, Oct. 21, they filed a remonstrance representing that the North Fields furnished two-thirds of the fishing business of Salem,—that thirty-two dwelling houses there belonged to fishermen,—that forty vessels belonged there, mostly engaged in fishing,—that the remonstrants were wharf owners and property holders, and that this whole interest would be ruined by a bridge. The remonstrance was dated August 18, and the signers were between three and four hundred. It asked "for a bridge over Porter's River, so called, from Ellingwood's Head to Orne's Point, if your Honors shall find a bridge necessary for the public good."

On June 27 a reaction began to make itself felt in Salem. A petition in aid of George Cabot, dated on that day, is on file, bearing two hundred and seven names, and amongst them some of the best in the town. Elias Haskett Derby and Robert Stone and Joseph White signed it, with Forresters and Crowninshields and Pickmans and

influential names enough to give new life to the bridge project. From this point the contest was waged with growing vigor. The petitioners declare that they conceive it to be of the highest importance to establish an inland commerce and connection between the sea port towns and country for the exchange of commodities, to which the river is a great natural impediment, and that the public at large will undoubtedly reap an essential advantage.

On October 6, Mr. Cabot sent out to the towns a circular letter, and had secured on the 25th of that month a favorable report from the committee to the General Court. This seems to have been considered in each branch, in committee of the whole, and although accepted by the Senate was rejected, with a pretty emphatic negative, in the House. It proposed a wooden bridge at least thirty-two feet in width, with a convenient draw to be lifted without toll or pay, and a charter for ninety years.

This temporary check spurred both parties to increased activity. On November 1, Mr. Cabot sent out a second circular letter. It was as follows :

Nov. 1, 1787.

TO THE SELECTMEN OF THE TOWN OF [*Newburyport*]
TO BE COMMUNICATED TO THE TOWN :

GENTLEMEN :—In our Letter of the 6th of October, We informed you of the Hearing We had been indulged with before a Committee of the Honorable Court on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September last at Salem—as We are sensible that the Inhabitants of your town feel themselves deeply interested in the Success of this Business, We think it proper to inform you of the Progress of it since that period and the state of it at this time—the Committee of the Honorable Court who consisted of very sensible,

judicious and impartial Men, Men who were in all respects fully competent to judge of the Merits of the Cause, some of them being Persons accustomed to Rivers and the Cod fishery, after having viewed all the Grounds and heard the Parties fully and fairly, did determine *unanimously* in favour of a Bridge near Beverly ferry—this Report being read in the Senate was objected to and a Hearing was had before that Honorable Body, after which the Senate accepted the Report 10 being for and 7 against the acceptance as We are informed; it then went to the Honorable House of Representatives when We have had another Hearing and the Question being put this evening, “whether a Bridge over said River would be of Public Utility” it passed in the Negative, 89 being for the Question and the whole Number 193—and as no Vote has passed for Liberty to withdraw the Petition we suppose the Papers will go up to the Honorable Senate again—during this Suspence of a decision of the two Houses We beg leave to suggest for your Consideration “whether any measures can be taken by your Town that may satisfy the Legislature that a Bridge across the River running between Salem and Beverly at or near the ferry ways would in reality be of that importance to your Interest which you have set it forth to be in your petition,” for altho’ We have endeavor’d to shew to the Honorable Court “that it wou’d in many respects greatly benefit your town and many others by facilitating an Intercourse with the opulent town of Salem,” and altho’ 16 towns in the County of Essex and half of the town of Salem have acted in favour of a Bridge at the ferry, yet We must acknowledge to you that it has not been in our power to obtain for them that weight which their *Numbers, Interest and Respectability* led us to expect—so that the opposition of a part of Salem and Danvers exposes us to a defeat in an Object of

Public Convenience, so much wished for by every true Friend to the Interest of the County of Essex.

GEORGE CABOT,

for the committee for erecting a Bridge, etc.

The responses were prompt and emphatic. Manchester again memorialized the General Court, November 6, to this effect: "It is difficult to express the surprise, the disappointment and the degree of injury felt by the inhabitants, and the anxiety and uneasiness caused by the failure of so necessary an accommodation." They reiterate at length their former expressions, and add: "For about ten weeks in winter all transportation by water ceases, — sixteen respectable towns favor the bridge, earnestly soliciting in support of the application, and only the single town of Salem, almost equally divided among themselves, with part of Danvers, oppose. The prayers and wishes of thousands are sacrificed to the objections of a few, which are rather imaginary than real."

Wenham for the third time renewed her appeal. Impressed with the idea that there must be some mistake of facts, she prays further consideration. She represents herself with Ipswich and Rowley [Hamilton was then a part of Ipswich] as particularly interested from carrying produce to Salem market. The difficulties and delays of the ferry are only to be avoided by going a much greater distance over a rough road, through Danvers. For hay and articles of bulk there is no alternative. This makes upwards of four miles further to go. "Serious considerations doubly outweigh all the disadvantages urged," — amongst them the "perils and terrors" of the ferry.

Ipswich makes herself heard again. John Choate was specially commissioned, in aid of the representatives of the town, to express the sense of the inhabitants. November 9 they declare their great disappointment at the

failure of the bill. They trade with Salem in land produce, particularly hay, and bring back goods from the market. They also send fish and bait for fishing. They go by water around Cape Ann "in the element season of the year." For the spring fares they send a hundred and fifty tons of clam-bait. When only land carriage is possible to Salem and Marblehead, "the extra expense equals all the damage from the bridge." They find in the "unhappy difference and party spirit now prevailing at Salem" a reason for doing at once what a majority of the county demands. Ipswich was then a shire-town with courts and county institutions and a famous bridge of her own and an ancient gentry. Her voice was potent.

But the adversary had not slumbered. October 30 the memorial of the Salem committee was submitted by Joseph Sprague, its chairman. The spirit of the opposition was clearly manifest. They represent the "distressed Inhabitants of Salem" to the number of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five, to whom internal peace and harmony had been impossible since the ill-judged proposal. "The most ancient town in the colony, —may it please your honors—our forefathers never would have placed themselves down here had they conceived of such an outrage." They quote scripture. They rise to eloquence and pathos. They summon law and history to their relief. Two-thirds of the fisheries of the town are involved. Ruin, misery and dreadful discord stare them in the face, and all for a few inhabitants of Beverly. This is a last solemn appeal. They "prostrate themselves with all humility at the feet of your Honors' clemency and justice" and present the evidence of Colonel Hutchinson, an eminent engineer, to show "what must inevitably fall upon us, if a bridge is erected over Beverly ferry."

Colonel Hutchinson's measurements showed that it was

seventeen poles nearer to go to Boston from the east through Danvers by the Bell Tavern, than it was by the Beverly ferry and through Salem; that it was one mile nearer through Danvers over Felton's hill, than through Salem over the ferry,—that it was more than three-fourths of a mile nearer, over the proposed bridge by New Mills in Danvers and by Bell Tavern, than through Salem over the ferry, and plans and maps showing measurements were submitted by both sides, which may now be seen on file at the State House.

A list of shipping was given in by Captain Williams, showing the tonnage owned in the North river to be upwards of three thousand tons, forty-three sails belonging to Salem, and five to New Mills. Six were fishing boats, two were brigs of good capacity, and Captain Shillaber owned a ship of three hundred tons there.

To emphasize the lesson of these figures, seven wise men of Medford were called as witnesses to show what their town was suffering from the just completed Medford bridge.

Captain Shillaber, with one hundred and fifteen others, filed a remonstrance, November 12, showing that the River was navigable for craft of two hundred tons burthen for near two miles above the Ferry,—that five fishing vessels had been lately built and fitted out at New Mills, which had landed, the present season, 2850 quintals of fish, and one still to hear from,—and that this fishery would be greatly injured, if not ruined, by a bridge.

We come now to the last rally of the opposition. The Salem committee filed a memorial November 14, although that of October 30 had been declared to be a "last solemn appeal." Its tone was trenchant and aggressive. Five new petitions, it recited, had been presented for the bridge. They were from Ipswich, Manchester, Wenham, Beverly

and Newburyport. New matter had been advanced and so a new answer was called for. Ipswich with her one hundred and fifty tons of clam-bait comes in for a sneer, and Newburyport's representations about sails and rigging are dismissed as "flimsy talk." The memorialists recognize in the petitions the handiwork of George Cabot, and accordingly these are of no consequence. They urge the building of a bridge at Orne's Point, and declare themselves champions of the preservation of Beverly Harbor, "one inch of which is worth a fathom of the harbor at Marblehead."

The General Court seems to have regarded these quarter-deck memorialists as better fitted to navigate in other straits than those of Legislation, for their intemperate protest was simply filed, and the Bridge Bill passed by both houses three days thereafter. Samuel Adams certified it, November 17, as passed by the Senate; James Warren for the House; and John Hancock a few days later approved it as Governor. It followed in form the Malden Bridge bill of the preceding March, and the portions of it which were not purely formal were as follows:

"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That for the purpose of reimbursing the said proprietors, the monies by them expended or to be expended in building and supporting the said bridge, a toll be and hereby is granted and established for the sole benefit of the said proprietors according to the rates following, to wit: for each foot passenger one fiftieth part of a dollar; for each person and horse one twentieth part of a dollar; for each horse and chaise, for each sulky or for each sley drawn by one or more horses, one eighth of a dollar; for each coach, chariot, waggon or curricule one fourth of a dollar; for each cart, waggon, sled or sley or other carriage of burthen, drawn by one or more beasts, one tenth of a dollar;

for each wheelbarrow, handcart or other vehicle capable of carrying a like weight with one person three hundredths of a dollar; for neat cattle, and horses exclusive of those rode or in carriages three hundredths of a dollar each; for sheep and swine at the rate of one twelfth of a dollar for each dozen; and toll on Lord's days shall be double the above rates. And to each team one person and no more shall be allowed as a driver to pass free of toll; and at all times when the toll-gatherer shall not attend his duty the gate or gates shall be left open. And the said toll shall commence on the day of the opening of the said bridge for passengers and shall continue for and during the term of seventy years; at the end of which time the said bridge shall be delivered up in good repair to and for the use of this Government.

“And all the said lamps shall be well supplied with oil, and lighted in due season, and those not at the draw kept burning until twelve of the clock at night, and also at the several places where the toll shall be received, they shall erect and constantly expose to open view, a sign or board with the rates of toll of all the tollable articles, fairly and legibly written thereon in large or capital letters.

“And whereas it is always deserving the attention of Government in accommodating the public and in promoting undertakings of public utility to guard as much as possible against inconveniences to any individuals, therefore for rendering the said bridge as little inconvenient as possible to the navigation of the said river and for facilitating the passing and repassing of vessels through the said bridge:

“Be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That the said proprietors shall build, and during the said term keep, a convenient and sufficient draw or passage-way at

least thirty feet wide at some place in said bridge proper for the passing and repassing of vessels, by day and by night, through the said bridge, and shall also build and maintain in good repair a well constructed and substantial pier or wharf on each side of the said bridge and adjoining to the draw, every way sufficient for vessels to lie at securely. And the said draw shall be lifted for all ships and vessels without toll or pay, except for boats passing for pleasure, and all ships and vessels intending to pass the said draw shall lie free of charge at the wharf or pier until a suitable time shall offer for passing the same. And the said proprietors shall during the said term constantly keep at the said draw some suitable person or persons for lifting up the same for the passing and repassing of all ships and vessels with masts that shall not admit of a safe passage under the draw, and also an anchor placed in the bed of the river at a proper distance above the draw with a hawser of suitable size and strength, extending through the draw to another anchor placed at a similar distance below the said draw, which hawser shall always have the bite or middle part lodged at the draw ready for use to all vessels passing the draw either way, and they shall also constantly keep at the said draw a good hawser or rope not less than three inches in circumference, of sufficient length to extend from the extremity of the wharf or pier on one side of the bridge to the extremity of the wharf or pier on the other.

"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that after the said toll shall commence, the said proprietors or corporation shall annually pay to the treasurer of the town of Salem or his successor in the said office the sum of forty pounds lawful money, as a full compensation for the ferryways lately erected by the said town, the materials composing the same, and the emoluments arising from

said ferry. And to the treasurer of the town of Danvers in the said county or his successor the sum of ten pounds lawful money annually.

"And be it further enacted, that if the said proprietors shall refuse or neglect for the space of four years after the passing of this Act to build and complete the said bridge, then this Act to be void and of no effect."

The corporators named were George Cabot, John Cabot, John Fisk, Israel Thorndike and Joseph White, three of the five being inhabitants of Beverly.

A supplementary act was passed June 29, 1798, reducing the width of the draw to eighteen feet,—regulating the weight of loads, and requiring the Proprietors to reduce tolls on the Lord's day to week-day rates, to which they agreed in September.

The bridge enterprise was now fairly launched. It had a sufficient capital, an influential backing and a charter in some respects more advantageous than any before enacted.

The proprietors were vouchsafed a corporate life of seventy years; Malden bridge secured a term of fifty years only and Charles River bridge but forty. There was no bridge across the Merrimac. These corporators were to "do and suffer all matters and things which bodies politic may or ought to do and suffer," under the name of the Proprietors of Essex Bridge, and to "make, have and use a common seal, and the same to break and alter at pleasure." The structure was to be at least thirty-two feet wide; and "accommodated with at least twelve good lamps, four of which shall be at the draw, and kept burning through the night." Neither the location of toll-house nor draw is fixed in the act. But the draw was naturally placed at the channel, which is the *filum aquæ* or boundary between Beverly and Salem, and a draw-tender be-

ing called for, it was found expedient to collect tolls there rather than at the two entrances of the bridge and to make the single toll-gatherer the draw-tender also. So a single toll-house was provided, in the form most used at turnpike gates, built over tide-water, with sleeping room for an attendant, a projecting roof over the broad window through which collections were made, a hospitable seat beneath it, and a shelf inside for convenience in making change. On the side towards Salem was exposed, as the act required, a large painted board showing the legal rates of toll, and since this was a frequented spot, midway between two great towns, a black-board was provided on which probate notices and publications of intention of marriage were affixed with wafers before the day of tack-nails. A long bar swung on a heavy hinge across the bridge, after the manner of the turnpike gate, and this was closed at midnight, or whenever, for purposes of rest or business, the toll-gatherer was for the moment off duty.

The proprietors first meeting was at the Sun Tavern in Salem, December 13, 1787. Nathan Dane was moderator and William Prescott, clerk. One hundred and eighty-four shares were represented. The charter was accepted. Rules were adopted, twenty-two in number, few of which ever called for amendment. Under the charter penalties, not exceeding £4, might be affixed to the regulations.

At this meeting an organization was effected. Thomas Davis was chosen treasurer and sworn, and his bond fixed at eight thousand dollars. Seven directors were selected and clothed with large powers. Assessments, not to exceed one hundred dollars per share, might be called in, and if not paid within a fortnight, the delinquent shares sold at public vendue. A superintendent was provided for, and a toll-gatherer to be appointed by the directors and sworn, and to give bonds and make returns of toll to the treas-

urer every Saturday night. The directors were to meet at least once each month until the work was completed. The proprietors were to meet on the day of opening the bridge, and on that day annually thereafter. They might vote by written proxy, and the tolls received were to be divided four times each year, after paying expenses.

The first seven directors were George Cabot, Esquire; John Fisk, Esquire; Mr. Andrew Cabot; Capt. Joseph White; Edward Pulling, Esquire; Capt. Joseph Lee and Capt. George Dodge, and on the following day, they met and elected by ballot George Cabot for president, George Dodge and John Fisk as vice-presidents, and again a few days after met at Leach's Tavern in Beverly. The grass did not grow under their feet. Before the first day of March these directors had purchased land at Ellingwood's Point in front of Andrew Cabot's rope-walk, for a Beverly abutment; had contracted for pine lumber and white oak timber; levied an assessment of fifteen dollars per share; advertised for contracts to build two stone abutments; made terms with Lemuel Cox, an eminent English engineer, to build the bridge; and hired of Dudley Woodbridge an acre lot on Ferry Lane in Salem for a lumber yard and work-shop. One contract for lumber provides that in case of war between France and England before the completing of the bridge, one shilling per ton more is to be allowed on three hundred and seventy-eight pieces of white pine timber.

On March twentieth they applied to the Court of Sessions, for a laying out of the approach on the Beverly side, leading some rods from the old Ferry Landing, and they voted to pay Lemuel Cox nine shillings per day and his board [including punch] for superintending the work. On April first they purchased iron, cordage, cart-wheels and spruce timber. On the twenty-fifth they added to the

pay of Cox a gratuity of fifty-five dollars, the same to be drawn when the bridge was done, and provided him with quarters at the Tavern of Captain Asa Leach, who was to act as pay-master and assistant superintendent at five shillings for each day of actual service. They also contracted for building the Salem abutment for £70 and ten gallons of New England rum, and levied a second assessment of twenty dollars per share.

In May and June the directors hold weekly sessions, generally at Leach's Tavern. Their pay-roll amounts to six or seven hundred dollars per week. Capt. Josiah Batchelder had surveyed and the Court of Sessions had laid out both the Beverly and Salem approaches to the bridge. The first pier had been "fixed" as they call it, on May third. Another assessment of twenty dollars per share was voted, June seventh. On July nineteenth the trouble with the English engineer, which had grown from the first, seems to have culminated and, "it appearing to the directors improper that Mr. Lemuel Cox should be continued in their service for any longer time, it was therefore voted unanimously that he be discharged, and that the sum of fifty-five dollars being the whole of the gratuity promised to him, and his wages to this time, be paid to him in full." The supervision of the work for the remaining months was assumed by Capt. Joseph Lee, who declined compensation for this service and was, by the directors, on December 24, 1805, presented with a silver pitcher suitably inscribed, of the value of three hundred dollars.

With the advent of September the bridge was seen to be near completion. It was voted to call the proprietors together for the opening ceremonies at eight o'clock in the morning on the twenty-fourth of the month. "Such persons as have demands are notified to exhibit them to Capt. Joseph

Lee" before September 20. The toll-keeper was to receive £90 per year in full for his services and any assistance called for, and Capt. John Ashton was chosen by ballot on the sixth of September, the day on which the last pier was put in place. Five assessments had been called in amounting in all to eighty dollars per share, and the total represented a little more than the cost of the bridge, the excess being afterwards refunded. The great event draws near. The bridge is an assured success. The "Statutes of the Corporation" are invoked. Every share must be present or represented at the opening and the six shares unsubscribed for are accordingly sold at a great premium. The *Essex County Mercury* begins to add editorial comments to the long series of official announcements it has put before the public. On September 23 the *Mercury* says: "The passing over Essex bridge will commence to-morrow. To testify the pleasure of the Proprietors . . . they have determined to render the passing on the first day free of toll—to have a social and festive meeting at Leach's Tavern in Beverly—and to provide a liberal entertainment for the refreshment of the workmen, to whose industry it is owing that this great work has been brought to its present state in less than five months from its beginning." From other statements it appears that the first stroke was struck May 1; that the bridge measured 1484 feet without the abutments which added thirty-six feet more to the structure; that it had ninety-three piers and a "draw thirty feet wide, which plays with such ease that two boys of ten years old may raise it." It has a "breadth of thirty-two feet and is to be lighted with twelve American lamps." "Only three persons have fallen from the Bridge during its building, two of whom owe their lives to the humanity and bravery of the same person, Mr. Joseph Felt, who each time sprang from the Bridge into

the river, and saved them from drowning." For this service a guinea was voted him by the directors.

Nothing can give a more graphic picture of the finishing of the task than this little notice inserted in the *Mercury* of September 30.

NEXT SATURDAY,

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon,

Will be sold at Publick Vendue,

at the Rope-Walk in Beverly,

TWO Yoke of Oxen, a
CART, two 18-feet BOATS

almost new, and a variety of articles
belonging to the Proprietors of Elfex
Bridge.

September 29.

Dr. Bentley chronicles the jubilation which greeted the result. The proprietors dined together at Leach's, where they were honored with the presence of His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Levi Lincoln, and of the Honorable Jonathan Jackson. The bridge was gay with the flags of all nations. The proprietors had no need to do much beyond opening the thoroughfare to the public, without tolls, on its natal day, for the sense of relief from the old ferry-boat passage which had sufficed since 1636 was quite enough. But the jubilant proprietors did their part, and the endless caravan then set in motion, consisting of market wagons and milk carts and hay loads, transporting the indispensable and bulky products of the kitchen-garden and the farm, has kept up the celebration night and day ever since. Dr. Bentley says "the concourse was great, and the several parties forgot their resentments on the occasion."

But if the Bridge Proprietors supposed their troubles were at an end, they were mistaken. Repairs began as soon as the bridge was used and have been incessant. The

system of collecting tolls proved unsatisfactory. At the first annual meeting the proprietors voted to farm out the tolls for the next year to the highest bidder. This system was followed for twelve years, and brought in a net income of between twenty-five hundred and three thousand dollars. Capt. Asa Leach generally outbid all competitors for the lease and got it. One strange result of the system was that when the proprietors desired to compliment the President of the United States by allowing him with his retinue to pass the toll-gate free, they were obliged to reimburse the lessee, and an item of seven dollars and eighty cents actually appears in their accounts, being paid to Captain Leach by the proprietors for the passage of George Washington with his escort and suite over their own bridge.

Both currencies seem to have been in use at the same time. The clerk was allowed eighty dollars for his services the first year and the toll-gatherer ninety pounds. Even in the charter both are used.

Their Latin was as good as their financiering. When the "Standing Clerk" was absent from a meeting they chose a clerk "*pro hac vice*." Their seal was unique. It was to bear "an engraving of the bridge, upon which is a figure of Ceres with a horn of plenty, and beneath in the water a figure of Neptune; between the borders the words: CERERI CONCEDIT NEPTUNUS, 1788: and within the same a label inscribed ESSEX BRIDGE." The phrase seems to have been invented by themselves to describe the concession made by commerce to husbandry. The die of this seal, represented at the beginning of this paper in a cut by Mitchell, is of solid silver and, without much doubt, was the work of Paul Revere.

But if their scholarship and financiering were good their law was sometimes at fault. In 1792 the directors au-

thorized a committee to sell both the old ferry-ways, and the proprietors at their next annual meeting undertook to confer on Dudley Woodbridge for fifty dollars a title to that in Salem. They probably were not long in discovering that this transaction was *ultra vires*.

The Beverly ferry-way is a town landing by immemorial prescription, and perhaps a county highway since 1698, and it is some fifteen rods removed from the northern abutment of the bridge. The Salem landing was held by much the same title, but by some unexplained process these proprietors, in the absence of their great jurists, had persuaded themselves that they were the residuary legatees of the old ferry, since their charter obliged them to make annual compensation therefor.¹

The ancient records put this matter beyond question. The Beverly landing was laid out by metes and bounds as a highway Jan. 5th, 1698-99. For sixty years, say Goodmen Gale and Massey, ferrymen summoned into court in 1694, it has been the King's highway. Of the Salem landing enough has been said. It was further east than the bridge; the general trend of Bridge street before it bends westerly to reach the bridge, follows substantially that of the old Ferry Lane and will be found to be near a direct line across the Salem to the Beverly ferry landing. The Salem landing was put in fine order by the town of Salem in 1784, in the hope of discouraging the advocates of a bridge, and exceptionally low tides still expose some of the timber and stone work then placed on the flats, extending quite to low water mark, and lying in the direction of the Beverly landing.

It was here, that the Massey Tavern, described by Dr. Bentley and Dr. Brown, opened its hospitable doors as a

¹ Nathan Dane was rarely present at this period and George Cabot removed from Beverly to Boston in 1793 and for a time dropped out of the administration.

public resort for more than a century and disappeared in December, 1818, its oaken timbers as sound as ever. It was built in 1661, two stories in height, the second projecting, a long roof protecting it on the north and descending nearly to the ground, its low windows fitted with diamond-shaped panes in lead sashes, its walls back-filled with brick and clay lining, and its chimney outside, the great ovens being visible from without. These opened into the sides of a capacious fireplace, large enough to receive a four-foot back-log on its iron fire-dogs and leave room for children to sit on stools on either side looking up at the stars at night or sewing or reading by oil lamps hung on the crane and filled with blubber. On the outer door, which was beside the chimney, hung a bobbin latch-string, which lifted the huge wooden latch and secured admittance.

In October, 1795, Hugh Hill became a director, and William Gray in 1799. Moses Brown had already taken the place of George Cabot in the board in 1793, and Capt. George Dodge had succeeded him as president, but on the declination of Captain Dodge in 1807, George Cabot was again president for four years longer. The succeeding presidents were Moses Brown from 1812 to 1818: Dr. Joshua Fisher from 1819 to 1833: Nathan Dane for 1834: William Leach from 1835 to 1839: Robert Rantoul from 1840 to 1856, and Benjamin F. Newhall for the two remaining years of the charter.

The system of farming the tolls was soon abandoned, and after 1802 the proprietors employed a salaried toll-gatherer and divided their earnings, and these reached twenty-nine and a half per cent. the first year. The meetings were now held in the chamber over the banking room in Beverly.

The fine brick mansion house of John Cabot was

bought by the Beverly Bank on his removal to Boston, and has now been bequeathed to the Historical Society by the late Edward Burley. The bank occupied the first floor, the insurance office the second, and Mr. Flagg's Classical School the third floor. In these rooms the directors held many meetings. Annual dividends of twenty-eight and of thirty per cent. were not uncommon now, and in 1816 shares, upon which less than eighty dollars had been paid in, were sold at four hundred dollars each.

It is necessary to remember that the stock of a bridge, whose charter expires by limitation, is a vanishing security and that the proprietors had not only to secure in their dividends, the interest on their investment but, within seventy years, the principal sum also.

In 1809, upon the disappearance of William Gray from the director's board, the enterprise was wholly in the hands of a Beverly Directory. The meetings were uniformly held at the bank in Beverly and the deposits kept there. For a series of years there is nothing to break the unvarying monotony of the meetings. Repairs are incessant, and the access to the bridge at the Beverly end is never satisfactory. To provide for new planking, and the collection of tolls,—to re-elect officers, declare dividends and dissolve,—constitute the whole work of proprietor's meetings.

The bridge was elegantly dressed on Washington's birthday in 1793, a day of general jubilee at the beginning of his second term in the presidency, and a director, General Fisk, presided amidst salvos of artillery at a dinner in Washington Hall, then occupied for the first time, an oration by Dr. Bentley at the North Church preceding the dinner.

In 1810, the running of toll seems to have been the corporation's most serious grievance. Summary proceed-

ings were adopted. "Voted: that any person or persons who shall forcibly or fraudulently pass the toll-gate without paying the legal toll shall pay a fine of thirteen dollars, thirty-three cents and one-third of a cent," £4 being the legal limit of their power to impose a penalty.

But more troubled experiences awaited them. With the year 1836 began the agitation for the Eastern Railroad, and the Bridge Corporation became at once involved in it. February 2, 1836, the Hon. Robert Rantoul was voted a committee to represent before the Legislature the interest of the proprietors in the petitions of Thomas H. Perkins, *et al.*, and George Peabody, *et al.*, and in October, 1838, to confer with the road as to a location from Salem eastward. The property was now at its best. Votes were passed this year to improve the Beverly entrance, and to petition the General Court for an extension of the charter conditioned upon a reduction of tolls. The next year foot-tolls are reduced to one cent, and in 1839 a proposal was considered, in case the buildings at the northern entrance of the bridge could not be secured and removed, to ask the Legislature for leave to change the terminus of the bridge and to coöperate with the Eastern Railroad Corporation in effecting that necessary improvement.

Hon. Robert Rantoul was made President this year and for sixteen years following. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then residing at Wenham, and most active in state politics, was chosen a director in 1840. Protests at once began to be made against the free passage of foot passengers over the railroad bridge. Although the toll collected was but a cent, the amount was so great that in June, 1828, a fixed portion of the quarterly dividend had been declared payable in copper.

But the "effectual measures" called for in repeated votes

for suppressing free travel on the railroad bridge and for improving the Beverly approach to Essex Bridge and the railroad station opposite, were not destined to success, although the town was appealed to, in behalf of both of them.

No attention to details was to avail anything now. The crossing of Bass River by the Eastern Railroad sealed the doom of the Bridge Company. Still the proprietors went through the ordinary motions of life, held annual meetings, elected officers with the aid of "scrutineers," declared such dividends as they could earn, until within a twelve-month of the end, lowered their tolls April, 1846, to the following rates :

"For each coach, chariot, wagon or curricule, fifteen cents ; for each cart, wagon, sled or sley or other carriage of burden drawn by one beast, eight cents ; for each wheel-barrow, handcart or other vehicle, capable of carrying a like weight, with one person, two cents ;"—made special terms with milk-carts and market-wagons,—allowed "a discount of twenty *per centum* on all tolls above fifteen cents each which have accrued or that may hereafter accrue from the proprietors of the stage now running between Gloucester and Salem,"—offered easy rates to an omnibus plying between Wenham and Salem, and to another conveyance plying between Beverly and Salem,—agreed to pass sheep and swine at five cents per dozen,—rejected unanimously the act passed by the Legislature of 1848 for their relief, only to accept it eight years later,—declared the bridge free to foot passengers, in 1856,—revolutionized the direction the same year, and petitioned for a renewal of their charter,—proposed commutation of tolls payable in advance at a reduction not to exceed one-third,—entrusted the whole discretion as to tolls and reduced rates to special committees with ample powers,—

failed to procure an extension of their charter,—held monthly sessions,—repaired and repainted the bridge and toll-house,—gave notice to the Governor and Council of the Commonwealth that the Directors will be ready on the twenty-fourth of September, 1858, to deliver up the bridge,—and thus, at the weird hour of midnight, September twenty-third, made over the property in good repair to the agent of the State—the Treasurer and Receiver-General taking formal possession of it at nine o'clock the next morning, “to and for the use of Government.”

Hon. James Kimball of Salem was the agent appointed by Governor Banks to receive and care for the bridge, and after ten years of experimenting it was finally made free, together with every toll-bridge in the county, by act of June 5, 1868, and assigned as a public highway to the municipalities on each side of the river.

The bridge has taken its place in literature and history. Poor Brissot de Warville, the ardent young Girondist leader, who five years later lost his head for opposing the execution of the king, wrote, on crossing the bridge ten days after it was opened,—“The construction of this excellent wooden bridge, and the celerity with which it was built, give a lively idea of the activity and industry of the inhabitants of Massachusetts.” The same distinguished writer commends the mechanism of the draw and also notes George Cabot’s “flourishing manufacture of cotton.” The Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt also speaks of crossing the bridge in October, 1795, on his return from a visit to General Knox at St. George’s River, in Maine.

Our first president was eminently a man of method. It was his habit from early years to make a record of the events of his daily life, kept on the blank leaves of the “Virginia Almanac,” or in pocket diaries of convenient dimensions. In a recess of the first congress, extending

from September 29 to the New Year, Washington indulged himself in a tour of the Eastern States, for which he had long been looking forward. He had not been east of New York since the siege of Boston. He left the capital October 15, taking with him two secretaries, Lear and Jackson, and traveled in his own carriage as far as Portsmouth in New Hampshire. He reached New York again on the 13th of November. This is what he wrote about the bridge :

1789—"Friday, 30th October. A little after 8 o'clock I set out for Newbury-Port; and in less than 2 miles crossed the Bridge between Salem and Beverly, which makes a handsome appearance, and is upon the same plan of those over Charles and Mistick rivers, excepting that it has not footways, as that of the former has. The length of this bridge is 1530 feet, and was built for about £4500 lawful money,—a price inconceivably low in my estimation, as there is eighteen feet water in the deepest parts of the River, over which it is erected. This Bridge is larger than that at Charlestown but shorter by * * * feet than the other over Mistick. All of them have draw bridges by which vessels pass. After passing Beverly 2 miles, we come to the Cotton Manufactory, which seems to be carrying on with spirit by the Mr. Cabbots (principally)."

On this occasion and again in honor of Washington on his birthday in 1793, the bridge was gaily dressed in bunting. The public dinner and reception tendered to Timothy Pickering, by the Federalists of Salem, May 24, 1808, was the occasion of another great demonstration there, as he passed it from Wenham escorted by a cavalcade of his admirers.

Various writers have from time to time found a fruitful topic in the venerable bridge. Barton is probably right when he says that all bridges appeal to the fancy, from

the moss-grown log thrown across the brook in the meadow to that stupendous product of genius, industry and capital, stretched like a cob-web between New York and Brooklyn. He supposes our bridge to have been built for boys to fish from, citing the grooves along its railings in proof of the conjecture. It is, he says, the place of all others from which to see storms, comets, meteoric showers, yellow days and balloon ascensions, and notes the fact that three rivers meet and flow under it in harmonious consort to the sea.

The bridge runs nearly north and south. The view at sunset up Danvers river, the middle stream of the three, is unsurpassed; so is the eastern view at sunrise or by star light. An unknown writer, presumably a resident of Beverly, has added this :

"From boyhood the bridge was always a factor in my life. I lived a mile away. I have probably crossed it at every hour of the day and night,—on foot and ahorse,—by chaise or stage,—in all weathers,—running toll to see the Salem floral procession on the Fourth of July or to keep up with the engine when the Franklin Building or Concert Hall were burning,—crawling under the bar when closed for the night, after Signor Blitz or the Burning of Moscow,—freezing my windward ear on the way home from a party, when every plank and pier was as silver in the hoar-frost and moonlight,—rowing under it at half-tide to see the mussels with now and then a sponge growing on its slimy timbers,—sitting at home in the old living-room chimney corner to hear the elders read the latest number of the current Dickens story until Page's stage came rumbling and clattering over the hollow planking, and the mail was in, and the household scattered some for bed and some for the post office. The bridge and I are life-long friends and cronies."

Hawthorne too has written about it, for it was a haunt of his, and the toll-house stove, with its circle of old sea-dogs, rehearsing there every winter's afternoon the perils they had passed, so often lured him that at last he was able to project himself into the routine life of the toll-taker and to depict the endless panorama unfolded each day before his open window. Here are musings from "Twice Told Tales" on the toll-gatherer's day :

"In the morning—dim, gray, dewy summer's morn—the distant roll of ponderous wheels begins to mingle with my old friend's slumbers, creaking more and more harshly through the midst of his dream, and gradually replacing it with realities. Hardly conscious of the change from sleep to wakefulness, he finds himself partly clad and throwing wide the toll gates for the passage of a fragrant load of hay. The timbers groan beneath the slow-revolving wheels; one sturdy yeoman stalks beside the oxen, and, peering from the summit of the hay, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished lantern over the toll house, is seen the drowsy visage of his comrade, who has enjoyed a nap some ten miles long. The toll is paid—creak, creak, again go the wheels, and the huge haymow vanishes into the morning mist. As yet, nature is but half awake, and familiar objects appear visionary. But yonder, dashing from the shore with a rattling thunder of the wheels and a confused clatter of hoofs, comes the never-tiring mail, which has hurried onward at the same headlong, restless rate, all through the quiet night. The bridge resounds in one continued peal as the coach rolls on without a pause, merely affording the toll-gatherer a glimpse at the sleepy passengers, who now bestir their torpid limbs, and snuff a cordial in the briny air. The morn breathes upon them and blushes, and they forget how wearily the darkness toiled away.

"While the world is rousing itself, we may glance slightly at the scene of our sketch. It sits above the bosom of the broad flood, a spot not of earth, but in the midst of waters, which rush with a murmuring sound among the massive beams beneath. Over the door is a weather-beaten board, inscribed with the rates of toll, in letters so nearly effaced that the gilding of the sunshine can hardly make them legible. Beneath the window is a wooden bench, on which a long succession of weary wayfarers have reposed themselves. Peeping within doors, we perceive the whitewashed walls bedecked with sundry lithographic prints and advertisements of various import, and the immense showbill of a wandering caravan. And there sits our good old toll-gatherer, glorified by the early sunbeams. He is a man, as his aspect may announce, of quiet soul, and thoughtful, shrewd, yet simple mind, who, of the wisdom which the passing world scatters along the wayside, has gathered a reasonable store.

"Now the sun smiles upon the landscape, and earth smiles back again upon the sky. Frequent, now, are the travellers. The toll-gatherer's practised ear can distinguish the weight of every vehicle, the number of its wheels, and how many horses beat the resounding timbers with their iron tramp. Here, in a substantial family chaise, setting forth betimes to take advantage of the dewy road, come a gentleman and his wife, with their rosy-cheeked little girl sitting gladsomely between them. The bottom of the chaise is heaped with multifarious bandboxes, and carpet bags, and beneath the axle swings a leathern trunk dusty with yesterday's journey.

"Now paces slowly from timber to timber a horseman clad in black, with a meditative brow, as of one who, whithersoever his steed might bear him, would still journey through a mist of brooding thought. He is a country

preacher, going to labor at a protracted meeting. The next object passing townward is a butcher's cart, canopied with its arch of snow-white cotton. Behind comes a 'sauceman,' driving a wagon full of new potatoes, green ears of corn, beets, carrots, turnips, and summer squashes; and next, two wrinkled, withered, witch-looking old gossips, in an antediluvian chaise, drawn by a horse of former generations, and going to peddle out a lot of huckleberries. See there, a man trundling a wheelbarrow load of lobsters. And now a milk cart rattles briskly onward, covered with green canvas, and conveying the contributions of a whole herd of cows, in large tin canisters. But let all these pay their toll and pass.

"And now has morning gathered up her dewy pearls, and fled away. The sun rolls blazing through the sky, and cannot find a cloud to cool his face with. The horses toil sluggishly along the bridge, and heave their glistening sides in short quick pantings, when the reins are tightened at the toll house. Glisten, too, the faces of the travellers. Their garments are thickly bestrewn with dust; their whiskers and hair look hoary; their throats are choked with the dusty atmosphere which they have left behind them.

"No air is stirring on the road. Nature dares draw no breath, lest she should inhale a stifling cloud of dust. 'A hot and dusty day!' cry the poor pilgrims, as they wipe their begrimed foreheads, and woo the doubtful breeze which the river bears along with it. 'Awful hot! Dreadful dusty!' answers the sympathetic toll-gatherer. They start again, to pass through the fiery furnace, while he reënters his cool hermitage, and besprinkles it with a pail of briny water from the stream beneath. He thinks within himself, that the sun is not so fierce here as elsewhere, and that the gentle air does not forget him in these sultry

days. Yes, old friend ; and a quiet heart will make a dog day temperate. He hears a weary footstep, and perceives a traveller with pack and staff, who sits down upon the hospitable bench, and removes the hat from his wet brow. The toll-gatherer administers a cup of cold water, and discovering his guest to be a man of homely sense, he engages him in profitable talk, uttering the maxims of a philosophy which he has found in his own soul, but knows not how it came there. And as the wayfarer makes ready to assume his journey, he tells him a sovereign remedy for blistered feet.

"Now comes the noontide hour—of all hours, nearest akin to midnight ; for each has its own calmness and repose. Soon, however, the world begins to turn again upon its axis, and it seems the busiest epoch of the day ; when an accident impedes the march of sublunary things. The draw being lifted to permit the passage of a schooner, laden with wood from the eastern forests, she sticks immovably, right athwart the bridge ! Meanwhile, on both sides of the chasm, a throng of impatient travellers fret and fume. Here are two sailors in a gig, with the top thrown back, both puffing cigars, and swearing all sorts of fore-castle oaths ; there, in a smart chaise, a dashingy dressed gentleman and lady, he from a tailor's shop-board, and she from a milliner's back room—the aristocrats of a summer afternoon. And what are the haughtiest of us, but the ephemeral aristocrats of a summer's day ? Here is a tin pedler, whose glittering ware bedazzles all beholders, like a travelling meteor, or opposition sun ; and on the other side a seller of spruce beer, which brisk liquor is confined in several dozen of stone bottles. Here comes a party of ladies on horseback, in green riding habits, and gentlemen attendant ; and there a flock of sheep for the market, pattering over the bridge with a

multitudinous clatter of their little hoofs. Here a Frenchman, with a hand organ on his shoulder; and there an itinerant Swiss jeweller. On this side, heralded by a blast of clarions and bugles, appears a train of wagons, conveying all the wild beasts of a caravan; and on that, a company of summer soldiers, marching from village to village on a festival campaign, attended by the 'Brass Band.' Now look at the scene, and it presents an emblem of the mysterious confusion, the apparently insolvable riddle, in which individuals, or the great world itself, seem often to be involved. What miracle shall set all things right again?

"But see! the schooner has thrust her bulky carcass through the chasm; the draw descends; horse and foot pass onward, and leave the bridge vacant from end to end. 'And thus,' muses the toll-gatherer, 'have I found it with all stoppages, even though the universe seemed to be at a stand.' The sage old man! Far westward now, the reddening sun throws a broad sheet of splendor across the flood, and to the eyes of distant boatmen gleams brightly among the timbers of the bridge. Strollers come from the town to quaff the freshening breeze. One or two let down long lines, and haul up flapping flounders, or cunners, or small cod, or perhaps an eel. Others, and fair girls among them, with the flush of the hot day still on their cheeks, bend over the railing and watch the heaps of seaweed floating upward with the flowing tide. The horses now tramp heavily along the bridge, and wistfully bethink them of their stables. Rest, rest, thou weary world! for to-morrow's round of toil and pleasure will be as wearisome as to-day's has been; yet both shall bear thee onward a day's march of eternity. Now the old toll-gatherer looks seaward, and discerns the lighthouse kindling on a far island, and the stars, too, kindling in the sky, as

if but a little way beyond ; and mingling reveries of Heaven with remembrances of Earth, the whole procession of mortal travellers, all the dusty pilgrimage which he has witnessed, seems like a fitting show of phantoms for his thoughtful soul to muse upon."

It will be conceded that the *personnel* of this enterprise has been most distinguished. A work to which Nathan Dane and George Cabot and General Fisk and Judge Prescott and Capt. Joseph Lee contributed need not blush for its paternity. Men of this stamp are not likely to go wrong in their estimate of the importance of a public improvement and the event, in this instance, justified their sanguine expectations. The population of the two towns for whose immediate accommodation they planned, was then about twelve thousand. It is now about forty-five thousand. The bridge has served us well for a century. But wooden bridges are fast making way for less risky and perishable contrivances. Should the population on the two sides of the river continue to increase for another century at its present ratio, the two cities linked together by this bridge will count a hundred and fifty thousand souls at the end of it. Mechanical advance is likely to outstrip the growth of population. What sort of structure will be found here in 1988 is a matter of curious conjecture.

JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL.

PRINTER, LAWYER, JUDGE AND HISTORIAN.

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY NATHAN M. HAWKES.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LYNN PRESS ASSOCIATION AT LYNN, MASS.,
UPON THE ANNIVERSARY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S BIRTH-
DAY, JAN. 17, 1894.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE LYNN PRESS
ASSOCIATION :

THE kind invitation to join you at your annual gathering upon Franklin's birthday gives me the fittest occasion that could occur to pay a tribute to the memory of your first President.

I use the word fittest deliberately, and if you have patience to bear with me, and if I make myself intelligible, you will appreciate why I consider this the place to speak of your and my life-long friend.

James Robinson Newhall, who died at his home in Lynn, October 24, 1893, needs no eulogium from those who survive him. He has left behind him a record that will shine when we and our words, even though they should be strikingly brilliant, shall be utterly forgotten. This will happen, not because he was a great man in any common acceptance of the term, but mainly by virtue of the fact of his making a more diligent use of the talent intrusted to him than most men.

A study of such a life, so well rounded out and ac-

complished, if even imperfectly traced, cannot but be an incentive to emulation by others.

To say that he was born of "poor but honest" parents would be but to utter a truism which might as well be uttered of any boy born in Lynn on Christmas day, 1809. Everybody in Lynn then was poor, if by poor we mean the reverse of the modern sense of rich—that is, being the holder of stocks, bonds or bank accounts. Everybody was poor in those days. The states had scarcely rallied from the drain of men and means that was occasioned by the War of the Revolution, when the gigantic struggle between England and the Corsican marvel of war convulsed the whole civilized world. Between the upper and nether millstones—the common prey of France and England—the growing commerce of the infant republic was swept from the seas and the whole country was impoverished. Two years before, Congress had closed the ports of the United States against the clearance of all vessels. In the year of his birth, Congress repealed the "embargo law" and substituted an act of non-intercourse with France and England.

The population of Lynn—and Lynn then included Lynnfield, Saugus, Swampscott and Nahant—at the time of his birth was only about four thousand. The people were farmers in summer and shoemakers in winter.

The shoes made here in 1810 numbered 1,000,000 pairs and were of the value of \$800,000. By the United States census of 1890, it appears that the aggregate value of goods, shoes and allied industries, amounted to over thirty-one millions. This takes no account of the new industry, the Thomson-Houston Electric Company, which in 1892 produced a value of over twelve millions of dollars and employed, as its average number of hands for the year, four thousand people, a number equal to the whole population of the town in 1810.

In another and better sense than the possession of mere dollars by his parents, the future writer of the *Annals of Lynn* was fortunate in his birth. With a modest pride in the stock from which he sprang—without which he would have been unfitted for what was destined to be his *magnum opus*—he said, in an autobiographical sketch, “his father’s name was Benjamin and he was a direct descendant from Thomas, the first white person born here. His mother was a daughter of Joseph Hart, who descended from Samuel, one of the first engaged at the ancient Iron Works. Both of his grandmothers were granddaughters of Hon. Ebenezer Burrill, a man conspicuous in colonial times and brother of the beloved speaker.

In the old Hart house, as in many another on the old colonial highway between Salem and Boston, was an open attic with boxes and barrels filled with quaint and curious manuscripts that the previous generations of occupants had left behind them. They were apparently of no value, yet they might be title deeds, or plans, or diaries, or papers that some time might be called for. So they were bundled away into the unused lumber room—nesting places or food for mice—till some charmingly loquacious Oldbuck of Monkbarns or an inquisitive boy should disturb their dusty recess.

Reminiscences of the earlier days lingered about this old house when the Judge came upon the scene. Travellers belated or hungry on the way from Boston to the east often found shelter and food beneath its roof. The epicurean Judge, Samuel Sewall of the Witchcraft time, has recorded in his diary his entertainment here on several occasions. Other guests of eminence lingered under the branches of the great buttonwood in the yard, partook of the good cheer within the house and discussed current topics. Some of the accumulating paper litter that prob-

ably troubled the careful housewife, though she did not venture to burn anything of writing, may have been left by guests and thus have had a wider than mere local interest.

How much the subject of our sketch found in the attic he never told anyone, but was apparently willing through his life for the matter to remain an open question to mystify his readers. I have, however, more than a strong suspicion that he derived nothing from the dead written hand.

At the age of eleven, as he wrote, he left the parental roof with his worldly possessions in a bundle-handkerchief to make his way in the wide world, his mother having died a year or two before and his father having a large family to provide for.

Before he was fifteen years old he had made his way into the office of the *Salem Gazette*—the leading newspaper establishment in the county—and was diligently learning the art and mystery of printing. Seventy years later he was true to his first love and it was still his work and recreation to set type.

We talk about trades nowadays; but the old phrase "art and mystery" is vastly more appropriate, when we allude to the assembling of little pieces of lead in such a manner that the result is the expression of the best thought of the brain of man on the fair printed page. Where else are the brain-work and the hand-work so blended in such close touch, as when deft fingers transform bits of dull lead into golden thoughts that may be immortal?

From the *Gazette* office, seeking a wider knowledge of book printing than our county then afforded, he went to Boston, where, before he had reached his majority he became foreman of one of the principal book establishments.

One of his duties in this office was that of proof-reader—an important step in the practical training which was to fit him for authorship.

A proof-reader holds a delicate and responsible position. Upon his shoulders the public pile errors of omission and commission, of compositor and author, bad spelling, bad grammar, bad rhetoric, bad punctuation, bad spacing and the myriad flaws that creep into printed matter unless the proof-reader is Argus-eyed.

In the latest batch of published letters of Horace Greeley, there is one addressed to a young man who aspired to the position of a proof-reader on the *Tribune*. Here is Mr. Greeley's appreciative tribute to the occupation of a proof-reader, in reply to the application :

As to proof-reading, I think a first-rate proof-reader could always find a place in our concern within a month. But the place requires far more than you can learn ; it requires an universal knowledge of facts, names and spelling. Do you happen to know off-hand that Stephens of Georgia spells his name with a "ph" and Stevens of Michigan with a "v" in the middle ? Do you know that Eliot of Massachusetts has but one "l" in his name, while Elliot from Kentucky has two ? Do you know the politics and prejudices of Oliver of Missouri, and Oliver of New York, respectively, so well that when your proof says "Mr. Oliver" said so and so in the House, you know whether to insert "of Mo." or "of N. Y." after his name ? Would you choose to strike out "of Mo." and put in "of N. Y.," if you perceive the speech taking a particular direction respecting slavery, which shows that it must be wrongly attributed in the telegraphic dispatch ? My friend, if you are indeed qualified for a first-rate proof-reader, or can easily make yourself so, you need never fear. But don't fancy the talent and knowledge required for a mere secretary of state, president, or any such trust, will be sufficient.

In the Boston office, the young Newhall was in touch and familiar with such men as Dr. Channing, Dr. Bowditch, Francis J. Grund, the Cambridge professors, N. P. Willis, Samuel S. Goodrich and other literary celebrities of the time, of whom he treasured many pleasant reminiscences which he had in manuscript and was preparing to publish at the time of his death.

Like other young printers of the earlier days, he was somewhat of a rover. From Boston he went to New York. In the *Conference* office of that city, then the largest in the country, he had the reputation of being the fastest compositor in the office.

In New York he did editorial work and in that city he learned much from the advice and friendly counsels of Major M. M. Noah, long known as the Nestor of the American Press.

Those of the present generation who have seen the Judge on the Bench of the Police Court, or assisting in the offices of his beloved church, or in social gatherings, or walking about our streets can scarcely realize the Bohemian life with which it was his fortune to mingle in his early manhood.

Bearing in mind that he was free from the venial faults of youth, that all his life he was pure in thought and act, it sounds like romance to relate that one of his companions in midnight strolls in New York was the "Good Gray Poet," he, who wrote "My Captain," that eloquent lament that marks the martyrdom of Lincoln, in which were these lines

" Exult, O! shores, and ring, O! bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck; my captain lies
Fallen, cold and dead."

and the same who wrote of himself,

“Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and
breeding,
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and
women, or apart from them,
No more modest than immodest.”

Like that other printer, “Poor Richard,” the world known philosopher, whose birthday you proudly remember to-day, and like him a tramping printer in search of a job, Mr. Newhall wandered as far as Philadelphia.

He gathered knowledge of men and affairs wherever he went. He lectured. He came back to Lynn and bought the *Mirror* of his friend, Charles F. Lummus, the first Lynn printer, whose handsome face is placed beside the author, facing the title page of the last edition of the *History of Lynn*.

It was in 1832 that Mr. Newhall bought the *Mirror*, the first paper printed in Lynn. It may be interesting to those whose daily labor is about the great presses and establishments of to-day to relate that he paid two hundred dollars for the whole establishment, which, as he has recorded, was quite as much as it was worth.

When we say that the subscription list of the *Mirror* amounted to about four hundred, which number the new *Item* press throws off in a minute, and that all the work in the office, jobs, newspaper and all, could be done by the publisher and one hand, it is easy to see that in those days there was not a mine of gold or even of silver, in a Lynn newspaper.

Not the least of the debts Lynn owes to Mr. Newhall is the kindly discriminating sketch which he has given us of Charles F. Lummus, the first publisher and editor of Lynn.

The profession of the law, in which he settled down at last, shows something of the growth and broadening of

Lynn during the lifetime of one individual. In 1808, the year before his birth, Lynn's first lawyer came to town. This was Benjamin Merrill. He remained here, however, only a few months, when he removed to Salem, where he became an eminent and respected practitioner. In 1845, Harvard conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Of his leaving Lynn, Mr. Newhall has recorded, "The occasion of his removal from Lynn, as he informed me, a few years before his death, was somewhat singular. A deputation of the citizens called on him with the request that he would leave the place, it being apprehended that evil and strife would abound wherever a lawyer's tent was pitched. He took the matter in good part and soon departed. The people of Lynn afterward made some amends for their uncivil proceeding, by intrusting a large share of their best legal business to his hands. He served them faithfully, and never seemed to entertain the least ill feeling towards any here. He died lamented by a large circle who had received benefits at his hand, and left a considerable estate. He was never married, which seemed the more singular, as he was eminently social in his habits."

In May, 1847, thirty-eight years later, when Mr. Newhall was admitted to the bar at an age, when most lawyers are at the period of greatest activity, there were only three lawyers in practice here. They were Jeremiah C. Stickney, Benjamin F. Mudge and Thomas B. Newhall.

Though few in number they were each able in their special lines of work. Mr. Mudge, who was the second mayor of Lynn, had an extensive practice, but his love for science was greater than that for the law, and he went west and became Professor of Geology and Associated Sciences, in the State Agricultural College of Kansas.

Hon. Thomas B. Newhall, the last of the three, became Judge of the Lynn Police Court upon its creation in 1849. At the same time Benjamin F. Mudge and James R. Newhall were commissioned as special justices. Mr. T. B. Newhall, through a long life, adorned other positions of trust, such as the presidency of the Lynn Mutual Fire Insurance Company and the Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank. He has the unique position of being the only man ever elected mayor of Lynn, who declined the office. This happened in 1854. He was then in the office of Judge of the Police Court, and rightly conceiving the two positions to be incompatible he declined the political office.

Almost the last appearance in public of James R. Newhall, certainly the last when the members of the bar were with him, was at the funeral of his predecessor as judge—the Hon. Thomas B. Newhall—a few weeks before his own death.

Mr. Stickney was, however, Mr. Newhall's particular friend. In his office he entered upon the study of law in 1844. For him he had a strong admiration which almost had the character of the awe with which Mr. Stickney impressed younger people and indeed most people with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Stickney was a graduate of Harvard. He spent forty years in Lynn, in active and successful practice of law. He was devoted to his profession. He might have been a Judge; he declined to accept the office of U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts tendered him by President Jackson. He only accepted such positions as would not interfere with his home work. He served in the General Court—that excellent training school for lawyers—two terms. He was our postmaster for fifteen years, then a position which added to the income without

fleching much time from business. He was the adviser of Mayor Hood and the authorities when we took on the forms of city government; and, when the office was created in 1853, he was chosen as City Solicitor.

The lives of Mr. Newhall and Mr. Stickney afford a striking example of the utter transitoriness of the lawyer's fame. Men, even now scarcely past middle life, can recall the adroit, persuasive, thoroughly equipped, eminently courteous and courtly Stickney. It is far within the line of truth to say that he was as able an all-round lawyer as ever practised in Lynn.

Mr. Newhall, himself, would unquestionably have placed Mr. Stickney as the brightest legal luminary of Lynn, and have put a very deprecatory estimate upon his own rank. Yet such is the irony of fate that the student, who evolved quaint stories of the early days from his brain and put them into type, will, by virtue of such writing, ever be known as a lawyer, while the man who led the bar will not leave even a tradition after another generation has passed away.

Law was not Mr. Newhall's first love nor his last. Several reasons induced him to essay the profession. He was a first-class printer, he was a trained editorial writer; he was desirous of writing the *Annals of Lynn*; he had a mission to preserve the traditions of his native town; there was no money in journalism in the Lynn of his day and capital was lacking to accomplish his projected work. Law, at least in those days, was an eminently respectable calling, an occupation for gentlemen, and the successful career of his friend Stickney was an incentive for him to try it. He established a good practice and was enabled to publish *Lin or Jewels of the Third Plantation* in 1862, and the *History of Lynn* embodying and continuing the work of Alonzo Lewis, in 1865.

In 1866, Thomas B. Newhall resigned his commission as Justice of the Lynn Police Court, and Governor Bullock appointed James R. Newhall to the position.

The bar of Lynn, when Mr. Newhall became Justice of the Police Court, was represented by the witty but erratic Isaac Brown, who had an office on Chestnut street; William Howland, the careful conveyancer, at the corner of Munroe and Market streets; Judge Thomas B. Newhall, who, upon resigning the judgeship, established an office in the Ashcroft building at the corner of Market and Tremont streets; Dean Peabody, now Clerk of the Courts, located in Frazier's building, corner of Market and Summer streets; Jeremiah C. Stickney and Minot Tirrell, Jr., in Central square; Eben Parsons, returned from meritorious service in the army, also located about that time on Union street; as well as your humble servant in Hill's building.

What proportion of influence in attaining this position was derived from his gentle and eminently respectable life, his attainments as a lawyer, or the reputation acquired from his books, it is useless to speculate. The office, which was for life unless sooner resigned, gave to him, freed from the uncertainties of the practice of the law, a respectable income and allowed sufficient leisure to prosecute and accomplish his literary work.

In 1879, he was seventy years old and resigned his commission. Quiet, sedate old Lynn had vanished. A modern hustling city with its ruder manners and babel of tongues had taken its place. The mild, scholarly, white-haired judge found the atmosphere and concomitants of the new style police court to be distasteful and discordant, to a man of refined tastes and gentle ways.

He retired with the respect of all the good people of Lynn. Thence on, for thirteen years, he lived; till

the great change came, a serene yet busy life. His working hours were devoted to fresh literary composition and to bringing out new editions of his *History* and *Lin.*

In 1883, being then seventy-three years old, he made the grand tour abroad, visiting the famous cities and renowned places in Europe, and extending his trip to interesting levantine points; to Algiers and Malta on the Mediterranean; and to Alexandria, Cairo and the Pyramids in Egypt.

It was an eminently satisfactory episode in his life. Concerning it he wrote, "Though the tour was undertaken alone—for if alone one can, without let or hinderance, go how, when and where he pleases—he everywhere received such gratifying civilities as could only lead to regrets that he had not earlier in life thus experimentally learned that, after all, men everywhere will, on the whole, rather contribute to make others happy than miserable. Such experience increases faith in human nature, and ought to diminish self-conceit."

Fittingly, many years ago (1854), the judge selected an historic spot for his home. Sadler's Rock perpetuates the name of the first settler in the locality, and of Lynn's first Clerk of the Writs. Upon the southwestern slope of this spur of porphyry, out of the adamantine material of the hill itself, Mr. Newhall erected the conspicuous mansion which overhangs the old town, as picturesque as a Norman keep of feudal England.

Environment counts for something. Mr. Newhall was not exempt from the rule that they who love most suffer most. He lost, by early death, a promising boy, his only child. Thence on, his ambition was to leave to posterity a worthy portrayal of the ancient town.

Fortunately for us, he did not have to hurry his work. Years of peace and comfort were granted him to dwell in

that lofty aërie—to watch the sun rise over old High Rock and set beyond the Saugus hills, and observe the growth of Lynn, while he stood at the case in his cosy work-room and set his own type, from which more than two thousand stereotyped pages remain to attest the character of the recreations of his leisure hours.

How much of our civic life one long life covers! Lynn is one of the oldest of the Bay towns, yet this life shows how much of our growth has been in the present century. We have shown our friend to have been the co-worker and associate with the first lawyer who put out his shingle here and with the first printer who set up his venerable Ramage press, which, the judge said, looked as if Franklin might have worked at it.

The book which has inseparably linked together the names of Alonzo Lewis and James R. Newhall, and has become a standard household necessity with our people, is called the *History of Lynn*. It is a work that bears testimony to laborious research on the part of its compilers, especially of Mr. Lewis, who, in addition to antiquarian tastes, had a quality which is not usually allied with delving into the past. Mr. Lewis had the imaginative organ largely developed, as the phrenologist would say. If he had written much history he might have indulged in what is called in rhyme poetic license, and is there allowable, but which in prose, and particularly in historic composition, is not permitted.

Except the introductory descriptive chapters, this work is not history in its broad sense, that is, a statement of the birth, growth and progress of the place, with philosophical inquiries respecting causes and effects, but just what it claims to be, the annals, which are simply the facts and events of each year, in strict chronological order, without observations by the annalist.

The historic part of this work, whatever its value, is to be credited to Mr. Lewis. Mr. Newhall took the *Annals* up where Mr. Lewis left them, that is, at the close of 1843. Thence on, the work is wholly by Mr. Newhall.

Critics may say that the *Annals* do not give a true perspective of historic events or that things trivial occupy as much space as happenings that tend to color and affect the future. But that is not the fault of our annalist or any annalist; it is inherent in this style of writing. The little events occur as well as the great acts, and it is the province of the annalist to be the recorder rather than the interpreter or the prophet.

For this kind of composition, Mr. Newhall was peculiarly well adapted. Always a lover of the lore of the ancient town, his training had made him a swift typesetter, an accurate proof-reader, and a discriminating editor. These were the very acquirements that are essential to him who would patiently, from day to day, and from year to year, select and jot down the occurrences of the locality, and sift and cull those things which somebody, by and by, may want to know about. Steady as a clock from his very youth, methodical and painstaking even in the smallest details, he not only scissored and scrap-booked everything which his sharp eyes saw, but he made an exhaustive index without which such a book, however well written, is almost wholly valueless; but with which even the dullest narration of town life becomes of value to the student.

In addition to the *Annals*, in the 1865 edition, and more extensively in the 1883 and 1890 volumes, he gave many slight biographical sketches. The habits and ways of those who walked the boards of the stage before we came upon the scenes have a peculiar fascination for us. What

he has done in this line has been well done and much that he has recorded in this vein would have been lost if it had not been for his pen; that is, the personal incidents concerning many old worthies could not now be gathered by any living person. His own life covered a large part of this century and his retentive memory seized upon all that men, old when the century began, had to relate.

In the History there are few sins of commission. Of course there are some sins of omission; for instance, one which was called to my attention by the librarian of our public library, who had occasion to look for something relating to one of the foremost men of Lynn of his time, one whom people not yet old can remember, a man who held for twenty odd years what was then the most conspicuous public office—that of postmaster. Of Deacon Jonathan Bacheller not a word appears, save as one in the list of officers, in either edition.

Exceptions, however, only prove the rule. Mr. Newhall's execution of his task is a creditable performance, but it is not a remarkable one. Somebody else might have had the plodding industry and literary taste and have done as well.

Upon the writing of that book, Mr. Newhall could not have obtained the pedestal which he will in future occupy with students and scholars. Mr. Newhall's literary fame will be always secure. He wrote one book which will forever be a classic in New England bibliography.

Lin or Jewels of the Third Plantation, by Obadiah Oldpath, is a book, which, as we get away from the ways, habits and speech of the period which it depicts, will steadily gain in value.

In the second edition, the author acknowledges his appreciation of the manner in which the first was received and states, that one of the most flattering expressions con-

cerning it came from the lips of an aged Quaker preacher, who, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "I must tell thee that I've both laughed and cried over thy book." And then he naively adds that he was, nevertheless, led to fear that the scope and purpose were not in all cases fully understood.

That scope and purpose he throws light upon in these words: "By a strict adherence to barren facts in the history of a people, much of the true spirit may remain undeveloped. Traditions and inferential elucidations often form a most valuable backing for the mirror that is to reflect a given period; and those may not find place in a stately history. While it is not claimed that direct authority can be referred to for every statement it is confidently claimed that the whole is as truly illustrative of the people and their doings in those good old times, of their walks and their ways, as if every page were disfigured by reference to authorities. And by the same token, while the scenes are laid in a somewhat circumscribed vicinage, though one of the most picturesque and diversified in all New England, it is yet true that most extensive fields of historic interest are held in survey."

As to the contemporary standing of this book, I desire to call a witness, first qualifying him as an expert: Name, William Whiting; A.B., Harvard, 1833; admitted to the Bar of Massachusetts and of U. S. Courts, 1838; Presidential Elector, 1868; LL.D., 1872; Representative of 3d Mass. District in 43d Congress; Honorary Member of Historical Societies of New York, Pennsylvania, Florida and Wisconsin; Corresponding Member of the Philadelphia Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, etc.; President of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society; Solicitor of the War Department at Washington, during the War of the Rebellion, and author of an important work called *The War Powers of the President*.

Mr. Whiting was a lineal descendant of Samuel Whiting, the first minister of Lynn. As a labor of love he wrote and printed, not published, an elaborate and exhaustive *Memoir of Rev. Samuel Whiting, D.D., and of his wife, Elizabeth St. John, with references to some of their English ancestors and American descendants.*

Mr. Whiting fortified his statements, like careful historians and pleaders, by numerous citations from competent authorities, such as the Massachusetts Records, the Histories of Hutchinson, Minot, Bancroft, Drake, Thompson, Palfrey, Barry and Hubbard, Lewis's Lynn, Winthrop's Journal, Edward Johnson's Wonder Working Providence, Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, De Tocqueville's Democracy in America, Cotton Mather's Magnalia, Upham's Witchcraft and all the standard writers upon New England life; but his favorite and most quoted illustrations are from the *Journal of Obadiah Turner.*

This famous Journal is a part of the contents of *Lin.* It is such a vivid picture, so mirror-like in its representation of early colonial life, so true in its terse, idiomatic, provincial English that it is no wonder that it impressed the profound lawyer and historic-genealogical scholar with its power and reliability.

Mr. Whiting also gives entries from the Journal of Thomas Newhall. This Journal, like the other, singularly realistic and fascinating to students of the olden days, is a part of *Lin.* Mr. Whiting quotes entire several pages from what he truly styles "the invaluable Journal" of Mr. Turner, his ancestor's parishioner.

Mr. Whiting is not the only witness who has unconsciously testified to the exquisite literary art, this perfect reproduction of the thought of the old planters. Many learned men have asked where Mr. Newhall found these yellow, time-stained life stories of the olden time.

In the England of George the Third, there lived a boy

named Thomas Chatterton, who devoted all his time to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities and obsolete language. He produced some wonderful fabrications which purported to be transcripts of ancient manuscripts, written by Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. The Rowleian poetry of this prodigy of letters deceived men of literary pretensions, such as the virtuoso, Horace Walpole. Like Chatterton, Mr. Newhall made a fac-simile reproduction of an earlier day and the learned were in each case deceived as to the origin. There the resemblance ceases, for Chatterton studied to deceive, while Mr. Newhall simply desired a medium through which to represent the age which he essayed to reproduce.

It is said that some men only become eloquent when the pen comes in contact with the white paper. Of Mr. Newhall, we should say, that his genius found fullest play when he stood stick in hand before his case and, to the music of the clicking types, without the intervention of pen or paper, composed, in a double sense; that is, a large portion of his work was never written, but was transferred from his brain through his nervous fingers and the type to the printer's form.

Thus, it happened that these famous journals never existed on mouldy paper, nor even on the paper of his time, but were simply figments of his intellect. The alleged journals were only the key with which he introduced his readers to the society of the elders. The journals, bright and captivating as they are, form but a part of this work, which appears to me to stand the best chance of any literary production of Lynn authors to endure the test of time.

The sketches, besides their pithy style, have a quaint flavor of the soil. The rout of Hector McIntyre in his battle with the phoca was not better depicted by the Wizard of the North than the inglorious discomfiture of Parson Shepard's eeling expedition on the Saugus River.

The Judge was an Episcopalian, but he has otherwise spoken fair words of our Puritan divines, so we pardon him for inserting the incident that insinuates that our fighting parson was only human after all.

"And the Dame will likewise make ready for us a bite of something whereby to stay our stomachs. And if you have a mind, Samuel, you may bring along your little red keg, for mine hath sacrament wine in it, and I will put a little something in ye same to warm our stomachs withal. For it is best, Samuel, sayd he, giving his eye a little turn, 'to go prepared to meet mishaps.'"

The veracious chronicles of "the late Diedrich Knickerbocker" have charmed generations of readers, but as life-like as his Dutch farmers or as grotesque as his Connecticut pedagogue, Ichabod Crane, are Obadiah Oldpath's scenes of the scalping of Mr. Loughton in Lynn Woods or the wonderful cure of Aaron Rhodes by the mysterious explosion of Dr. Tyndale's cue.

There is a vein, too, of pathos in the touching story of Verna Humphrey that is none the less pure because it lacks the weirdness of Hawthorne's Hester Prynne to which it is a kindred spirit from shadeland.

In claiming for this work the prospect of a longer hold upon the memory of men than any other, I do not forget that Lynn never had a paucity of writers. Of the men who have passed on within our own time, we recall the Whig pen and the graceful verse of Josiah F. Kimball; the trenchant force of the scholarly Lewis Josselyn; the caustic and diversified manner of the late Cyrus M. Tracy. Nor do I forget one yet living, though not now with us, that ready writer who was ever a leader in Lynn's progress—Peter L. Cox—and many others whom I may not name.

These men, however, wrote for bread and butter—their themes were of to-day. Their work was bright and readable when published, but the most sparkling leading edi-

torials find the common fate of newspaper work—the cold tomb of the public library.

The author of *Lin* wrote at his leisure in the seclusion of his closet from the past, over the present, for the future.

To have held honorable positions with credit to the people and to himself in his native town is much, but to have written books that will entertain and instruct our children's children will give him more enduring fame than the loudest plaudits that contemporaries could shower upon him, or any man, for any achievements that are of to-day only.

He wrought well what he undertook. To him we may well apply Lowell's lines of the poise of the modest man :

“ Ah ! men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff,
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood ;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good ;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that achieves,
Just what's needed of sunshine and shade he receives ;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves.”

"A roll of Capt. Caleb Lowe's company belonging to Danvers, who marched on the 19th of April last, against the British Troops."

Caleb Lowe, Capt.

Ezekiel Marsh jr., Lieut.

John Dodge, 2nd Lieut.

PRIVATES

Thomas Gardner
Stephen Needham
Benjamin Needham
Hezek. Dunklie
Ezra Trask
Benjamin Morton
Abel Mc Intier
John Browne
John Upton
John Marsh

Jona. King
Jona. Trask
Eben^r Sprague
Doct. Joseph Osgood
Joseph Stacey
Ezek^l Marsh
Robert Shillaber
John Motton
Thomas Whiterage
Zach^a King

HENRY WHEATLAND

BORN JANUARY 11 1812

DIED FEBRUARY 27 1893

FOUNDER OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

1847—1848

ITS SECRETARY AND TREASURER

1848—1868

ITS PRESIDENT

1868—1893



Henry Wheatland

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
OF THE
ESSEX INSTITUTE.

VOL. XXX. JULY—DECEMBER, 1893. Nos. 7-12.

A MEMORIAL OF HENRY WHEATLAND.

PREFATORY NOTE.

DOCTOR WHEATLAND was born in an ancient homestead which stood on the southerly side of Federal street, between Flint and Monroe streets, and made way for the erection of the mansion now numbered 135. He was the fifth son and youngest child and lived to be the last survivor of a family of six. His father, born October 20, 1762, at Wareham, in the County of Dorset, England, sixteen miles from Dorchester and about one hundred and thirty miles from London, was Richard Wheatland, who left home for London as a lad, and finding business pursuits uncongenial to him soon took to the sea, a liking for which life in the old parliamentary borough at the head of Poole Bay, a favorite landing place for French fishermen and traders, then in its decadence, had doubtless inspired. He spent three years in the British Navy,

cruising during our war in the Western Archipelago, and came to Salem on the death of his father, Peter, in 1784. Here he became a ship-master and merchant, and died March 18, 1830. His mother, Bridget (Foxcroft) Wheatland, died in 1817, at the age of 84.

Capt. Richard Wheatland had married, in 1796, Martha, daughter of Stephen and Martha (Prescott) Goodhue, who died Aug. 13, 1826. (See Goodhue Genealogy and Prescott Memorial, *passim*, for his connection with these distinguished families.) Doctor Wheatland's youth was passed in the Goodhue House on Boston street, now standing, and numbered 70. His health was far from robust, and his friends were more anxious to divert his attention from books to out-of-door pursuits than to stimulate the love of study which was marked at an early age. His father, on his business journeyings to Boston, often took him as his companion in the family chaise, and Doctor Wheatland liked to recall these outings and the familiar pleasantries with which Captain Wheatland, who had chanced to be the first traveller to pass the toll-house on the opening day of the turnpike years before, used to remark, as often as he stopped to pay at the gate and replaced his wallet,—“There, Henry, I have paid the first and the last toll on Salem Turnpike.” But he was not destined long to enjoy the anxious care of parents. He was not yet fifteen when he lost his mother and Captain Wheatland had died before he was four years older.

His early schooling was that of the most fortunate boys of his time, and Master Eames of the Latin School fitted him for college. At twenty he took his bachelor's degree at Harvard and followed it, in 1837, with the degree of Doctor of Medicine, although he never practised the profession.

The class of 1832, in which he was graduated, the largest class graduated between 1818 and 1849, was dis-

tinguished not merely for the number of its members, one out of every five of whom came from Salem. Judges J. G. Abbott, Thacher, George Ticknor Curtis, with the eminent divines, Doctors Bellows and Osgood of New York and Parkman and Mason of Massachusetts, as well as the Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Rhode Island, the Honorable Stephen Salisbury, John T. Morse, Estes Howe, Augustus Story, Charles Grafton Paige, John Holmes and Doctor Le Baron Russell were of the number. He was a student of medicine under the distinguished surgeon and general practitioner of Essex County, Doctor Abel L. Pierson, of Salem.

During the five years which elapsed between his bachelor's and his medical degrees, Doctor Wheatland's uncertain health brought him a variety of unique experiences. He first accompanied his brother Richard, who commanded the ship "Boston," on a voyage to London in 1833, and while the ship lay for some weeks in the famous docks awaiting a cargo, Doctor Wheatland, passing his nights on board, made the most of his time in searching out his English relatives and in visiting scenes of historic and antiquarian interest. He found two aged aunts in London and probably others of his kindred in Kent and in Dorset, and, if he pushed his search as far as Wareham, must have been greatly impressed with the evidences of past importance in that decaying seaport,—the antipodes of the growing Salem of that day which invited young men from abroad instead of driving them away in search of occupation,—its crumbling old Priory dating from the eighth century,—its eight modern churches dwindled to two or three,—its lack of free teaching and its number of parochial school establishments,—its member of parliament representing a local tradition, rather than a present population, or a future promise.

On his return the next year, he at once interested himself in forming the Essex County Natural History Society and was, with such well-known and enthusiastic naturalists, botanists and pomologists as Doctor Nichols, the brothers Ives, Rev. John Lewis Russell, Rev. Gardner B. Perry, William Oakes, John C. Lee, Samuel P. Fowler, Doctor George Osgood, George D. Phippen, Thomas Spencer and Charles G. Paige, amongst its original members, and was secretary of the Society from 1835 until it merged itself in the Essex Institute. Salem was then famous for her fruit and flower gardens, and wonderful displays were made, under the indefatigable efforts of the Messrs. Putnam, Lee, Upton, Emmerton, Cabot, Manning, Prescott, Allen, and a score of others, now in a chamber of the Chase Building, to which the Holyoke Block has succeeded,—now in Essex Place, opposite the head of Central Street,—and now in the Franklin Building. Doctor Wheatland soon showed himself to be the soul and reliance of the young society,—the man of faith and of works. Collections of specimens in natural science were not neglected. Doctor Wheatland made voyages to the Azores in 1839 and to Para in 1840-1. Before many years he had succeeded in demonstrating the common advantage which would accrue from a union of the vigorous young Natural History Society with the Essex Historical Society, a smaller and older body, possessed of a valuable prestige and membership, if of less spirit and vitality. Both were county organizations. The union was effected in 1848, and the Institute came into being.

From that day on, Doctor Wheatland's career has been a familiar page in the history of Salem. It is sketched in outline in the tributes which follow; but for us, his townsmen, it hardly need be rehearsed at all. It is true

that his best energies and restless zeal were engrossed in pushing to success a single noble undertaking of his own, but it is equally true that no opportunity of effective effort in the service of the public escaped his attention.

His varied claims upon our thanks for service rendered on the first Fish Commission of the State, on the Board of Education, on the Peabody trusts both in Cambridge and here, and as a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, need only to be recalled, and have been promptly recognized and recorded elsewhere. But to a scheme to which Doctor Wheatland at times devoted fruitless care and thought, this would seem to be a proper occasion to refer. For years he advocated and seemed more than once near realizing a plan for building up in Salem, out of the ample accumulations at hand, a single great library, which would take rank with the foremost collections of the country, and which, by absorbing the large aggregations of the Athenæum, Charitable Mechanic's Association, Institute, Fraternity and Peabody Academy of Science, and drawing on the city for such a yearly income as an independent city library would require, might at once attract general attention and nobly supplement our educational equipment. The expenditure asked of the city he proposed to justify by affording the reading public the facilities of a free library, and especially by establishing, in connection with existing structures, a new reading-hall, which should take the form of the long-hoped-for memorial to our patriot townsmen who have died in war. And he insisted that, while the income from the city should be used to supply what was lacking in the several libraries now in use, and by this great combination all reduplication of volumes could be avoided, the special privileges

of proprietors in the various collections could well be guarded and conserved. The books they would contribute would be largely books of reference ; the new expenditures would in the main supply the books for circulation. But there were those who objected that a soldiers' memorial should be that and nothing else. There were others interested in the various existing libraries who preferred a smaller collection of books, wholly in their own control, to a more comprehensive library, access to which was more general and free. And Doctor Wheatland lived to see a vigorous movement, with the origin of which he had nothing to do, resulting in the establishment of a free library supported by the city, wisely administered and serving an admirable purpose, and avoiding, through an ingenious and original adjustment of systems with the collections previously made, all waste of force in buying books already on the shelves of either.

The last declining years of this remarkable career found Doctor Wheatland seated at a window in his brother's mansion on Essex street which overlooked the grounds and housing of the City Library, with its ever lengthening procession of pilgrims at this new shrine of learning ; and no citizen of Salem welcomed more heartily than Doctor Wheatland the growing appreciation and elevating influence of this new collection of books. Probably his closing eyes could have rested upon no more grateful picture.

ACTION OF THE INSTITUTE.

A meeting of the Directors of the Essex Institute was held at the rooms on Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1893, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, called for the purpose of taking action on the death of the President.

Present, Messrs. Goodell, Hagar, Osgood, Manning, Morse, Chapman, Hunt, Phippen and White.

Vice-President Goodell occupied the chair.

The Chairman made appropriate remarks on the loss the Society had sustained in the death of Dr. Wheatland, who was its founder, and for many years its chief support.

On motion of Mr. Hunt, a committee was appointed by the chair to attend the funeral of the President on Thursday at 11 o'clock. The committee consisted of the four Vice-Presidents, the Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Prof. E. S. Morse and Hon. A. P. White.

Mr. Hunt also moved that a committee be appointed to arrange for a memorial meeting and to report to a future meeting of the Directors.

The Chair appointed on this committee Messrs. Hunt, Rantoul, Morse, Osgood and Pingree.

Adjourned.

HENRY M. BROOKS, *Secretary*.

On Saturday, March 4, 1893, the committee appointed at the meeting of Feb. 28 met at the rooms at 3 o'clock. Present, Messrs. Rantoul, Hunt, Morse, Osgood, and Pingree.

Vice-President Rantoul occupied the Chair.

On motion of Professor Morse, it was voted that the Directors be advised that, in the opinion of this committee,

a meeting of the Institute should be called to honor the memory of its late President, on Monday evening, April 17, 1893, at Academy Hall, and that this committee be authorized to increase its number, and to make all arrangements necessary for such meeting.

HENRY M. BROOKS, *Secretary*.

The members of the Committee so enlarged were as follows: Vice-Presidents Goodell, Rantoul and Hagar, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Auditor, the Librarian, T. F. Hunt, Alden P. White, Prof. E. S. Morse, David Pingree, John Robinson and Sidney Perley.

Pursuant to the arrangements a large and notable assembly filled Academy Hall on the evening of April 17th. The platform was banked with palms and with choice bits of color in flowering plants; and, conspicuous at the rear of the stage, regarding the scene with the old look of benediction so peculiarly his own, hung Vinton's famous portrait of Doctor Wheatland, delicately wreathed with sprays of trailing asparagus and the timely verdure of the early spring.

Upon the platform, besides representatives of the Essex Institute, sat Secretary Perry of the Rhode Island Historical Society, President Putnam of the Danvers Historical Society, President Little of the Historical Society of Old Newbury, Librarian Jewett of Manchester, and Henry H. Edes of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, with other guests.

ADDRESS OF VICE-PRESIDENT GOODELL.

On assuming the chair, Abner Cheney Goodell, Jr. the senior Vice-President of the Essex Institute, spoke as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Institute.

As your senior vice-president it devolves upon me to conduct proceedings on this occasion specially appointed for offering tributes of love, praise and gratitude to the memory of him who may properly be regarded as the founder of this Society.

The sensational extravagances of public demonstrations upon the death of successful politicians, conspicuous statesmen and rulers, great soldiers and men of wide social celebrity are not appropriate to this occasion. The object of our regard this evening has no claims upon the interest of those whose enthusiasm is excited only by the glamour of a brilliant public career. The invariable reserve and quiet with which he pursued his labors for the good of mankind through the period of two generations of men attended him to the close of his peaceful life of more than eighty-one years.

As to the fame he might have acquired had he applied himself exclusively to a single department of science it were idle to speculate. We must consider his life-work and his character as he has chosen to record them : they are to us the legacy of a public benefactor who, within the sphere in which he was placed by Providence, and unblemished by one stain of selfish ambition, dedicated all his resources of intellect and energy to the cultivation and dissemination of wholesome knowledge.

His academic studies were begun according to the old monastic method of the university by acquiring the Latin tongue so as to use it colloquially at the age of seven. He entered Harvard when sixteen years old. After his graduation as one of the seventy-two scholars in the class of 1832, of whom nine only survive him, he chose for his calling that one of the three learned professions which, I think I may say without disparagement of the others, best affords opportunities for active beneficence and for observing the higher laws of our being; and, in due time, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

The study (which he prosecuted with enthusiasm) of the frame, organs and tissues of the animal economy drew him, probably insensibly, into wider fields of research in natural science than those the superficial exploration of which is commonly deemed a sufficient foundation for the practice of pathology and therapeutics. He was thus diverted from the arduous and often harrowing duties of his profession and led to improve the leisure which a moderate competence afforded in extending his knowledge of organic and inorganic nature—an employment better suited to his sensitive mind and delicate physical stamina.

To his acquisitions in science he gradually added the results of careful, intelligent investigations in local history, biography, and genealogy, both in the records and by tradition, until he became an authority respecting a vast number of incidents and relationships which he was ever ready to recount to younger or less successful inquirers.

At what period in his life he conceived the idea of encouraging others to share his pursuits and to reap the benefit without incurring the risks of his services for the public, or, indeed, whether or not he ever consciously entertained the design of leading in this noble purpose, he has characteristically left to conjecture. Yet it is certain

that he formed his plans and prosecuted his work with such deference to others that he was never happier, apparently, than when receiving advice or the promise of co-operation, even when it was certain that the result would be the essential modification or entire abandonment of his tentative schemes, and sometimes, even, the overruling of his deliberate judgment. Nothing that he gathered in his mind, or had in store in the library and cabinets of the Society, was ever withheld from the needy inquirer. In the organization of the Institute it was his choice that no barriers of age or sex should limit the enjoyment of its privileges. He was never afraid to trust the public, and never had cause to complain that this confidence had been abused.

Without attempting to recount his services for the public in other directions, this occasion invites us to glance at what this one childless man has done for the world in and through this Institute which transmits the visible fruit of his life-work to coming generations. Besides the buildings occupied by the Society, and their contents, and the uses these subserve, we are tempted to dwell upon the influences which have spread from this foundation.

It was while Agassiz was preparing his chapter on embryology in the first monograph of his *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*, that, having occasion to study the unique collection of turtles then in our cabinets, he was so struck with the intelligence of the young curator to whom he was referred by Dr. Wheatland that he invited him to join his staff at Cambridge. From that beginning, after a few years, the Peabody Academy of Science (which grew out of the Institute, or out of conditions traceable to the influence of the Institute) became the centre of a galaxy of ardent young naturalists whose agency in liberalizing current thought has

not been less beneficial than the impulse they have given to the pursuit of science. The leader of this band is now at the head of the Peabody Museum of Archæology at Cambridge, and easily holds a place in the front rank of the world's archæologists and anthropologists. Another presides over the Boston Society of Natural History, which he has inspired with new life and zeal. Two others, respectively, are at the heads of departments of natural science in the most ancient universities in our neighboring states. The untimely death of another deprived the world of a laborer of great promise in a difficult branch of practical scientific work. Another still remains with us, reflecting honor upon his adopted home by his brilliant success as an investigator, discoverer and demonstrator of natural science, and by his subtle comprehension and fascinating power of exposition of the canons of æsthetics in every department of art.

If we are forced to admit that this accession of workers in science was an instance exceptional and remote of the influence of the Institute, it will not be denied that there are other illustrations, unquestionable and direct, of the benefits which society has derived from studies begun or early nurtured in this miniature university which our departed President reared from a weak and unpromising beginning.

I need only refer, as examples, to the work of our lamented Tracy in botany ; to the ardent, unselfish devotion to science of our still nearer departed friend and companion Cooke ; to the charming essays on ferns and fern culture, and on our native trees, by a living associate ; to the geological researches in this county of another of our members, which threaten if they have not already accomplished the subversion of some of the best attested theories of former geologists ; and to what another associate has

done and is still doing in his study of the *arachnida*. We are reminded, also, that the professor of palæontology at Yale, and curator of the famous museum of the Sheffield Scientific School, first tried his 'prentice hand in arranging the minerals in our cabinet.

On the historical side of the Institute we ascribe to its inducements and encouragement the rise if not the development of that taste for historical and genealogical research which has won for one of our fellow citizens the highest distinction as an antiquary, and made the world his debtor for a knowledge of the ancestral home of Washington, and for the rescue of the founder of Harvard University from the semi-mythic obscurity which had shrouded his birth and trans-Atlantic career—both problems the solution of which had hopelessly baffled all previous investigators. One of the younger attendants at our meetings has for some years held, with credit, the chair of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University. Another of our associates years ago essentially contributed to the perfection of his father's work in a most laborious and intricate field of historical research, and has now nearly completed, under the auspices of the intelligent custodian of the files of our colonial and provincial superior courts of justice, the arranging and indexing of stacks of material heretofore practically inaccessible to students, but which proves to be of indispensable use in the preparation of a complete history of our Commonwealth from its cradle,—the colony charter. This magnificent collection is for the manner of its preparation and for the period it covers—considering of course the limit of the field—unequalled in any country, and has made imperative the re-writing of the history of Massachusetts.

It may be true that, as yet, our explorations in science have not resulted in the discovery of any important law,—

that we have not defined a new genus, and have contributed only a few names to the lists of species; but the main value of our work (and this was the end which our departed Mentor kept first in view) consists in the cultivating a taste for the pursuits which I have mentioned, and the diffusing a kind of knowledge which can best be acquired by coöperation, and by the means of observation and comparison which only large collections of specimens afford. And if it be that the whole result of the life-work of the founder was but to impart to all or many what was already known to a few, was not the end worth living for?

In estimating the benefits offered by the plan of operation of the Institute we are not to forget the advantages which it presents of constant incentive, allurements and opportunity. How many have found access to the portals of science by some accident which brought them within the reach of the influences I have described! I remember how the discovery, on the furthest cliffs of Nahant—those ragged ledges which we used to believe were the slags of Vulcan's furnace, but which Mr. Sears now proves to us are full of fossil forms of organic life—of a solitary specimen of the scarlet pimpernel, and the gratification at one of our field-meetings of the curiosity which this discovery excited, led to such enthusiastic study of botany as afforded solace to one fine mind through many years of suffering. Instances of this kind may be multiplied indefinitely.

Let us be shown any higher object in life than the study of the handiwork of the Creator before we are asked to admit that there is good ground for disparaging the ideal of duty which the guide, philosopher and friend whose loss we deplore kept always before him. If there is a lingering doubt on this point, select any end which may seem preferable and carefully compare the claims of the one and the other.

Thank God, that stage of frivolity is past in which naturalists felt constrained to preface their works with apologies! There is something sublime in every outspoken defence of duty well performed, however inconsequential the performance may appear to the prejudiced and the ignorant. There are as true heroes in the walks of science as in the fields of sanguinary strife. One of our brightest American scholars, recently, in a brief notice of the botanical work of Richard Relhan, who, a century ago, published the result of his studies of the flora of Cambridge, England, applauds that author's resentment of the suggestion that his employment was a "busy idleness," that he need be ashamed of, and approvingly quotes this sentence from his book: "For if a man applies himself, with all his might, to inquire into those works which God himself hath made, I see not why he should be ashamed of it. The students of natural history are seeking to find Almighty God in his smallest works; they see his infinite power exhibited alike in all (considering their fitness each for the end designed); and they humbly declare that the glory of the great Creator is augmented and confirmed by a just admiration of what he hath created."

The circumscribed field of this botanist's labors brings to mind those early days in the history of our Society when it embraced only a small group of devout lovers of nature. In their occasional excursions through the county they knew where to find every peculiar geologic formation, every rare shrub and noted tree, and every wild flower—penetrating the obscure haunts of the curious dodder and the rare *vaccinium vitis idæa*. They noted the first coming and final departure of the birds, studied and discussed the habits of insects, vied with each other in improving the fruits and flowers of their gardens, treasured for posterity the legends of the people, and looked

hopefully to the future for the development of a more general interest in the things which seemed to them so attractive and so important.

Great advances have been made in man's progress both in the attainment of the fruit of his study and in the increase of the dignity of the vocation in every department of science since the first field-meeting was held ; still, from that fast-fading picture much that appeared grotesque and that with the thoughtless continued long to be the butt of derision has vanished with the expansion of the popular mind, and we recall the homely scene only as something inspiring and fascinating. The personification of all that renders that picture attractive was he whose mortal remains we saw deposited beneath the snows of winter among the trees on the hillside where, in boyhood, doubtless, he had often gathered the wild flowers of the spring. Happily he lived to see his little band of companions at that first field-meeting multiply into a larger company of associates, from this and other counties, to be succeeded, we trust, by a still more numerous following.

It has been our privilege to live in daily intercourse with this rare character. His very condescension and nearness prevent a clear perception of his greatness ; yet where shall we find one possessing a superior claim to be classed with the truly great leaders of mankind—be their sphere wider or narrower—whose labors, motives, aspirations, all perfectly harmonize with the Divine purpose to reconcile man to his present duty and to lead him higher? If any mortal deserves a mausoleum for whom may that honor be better claimed? But he needs no monument, and his life is his best eulogy. The good that he produced has been absorbed into and helps to mould the lives and characters of others, ours among the rest. Thus he still forms an intimate part of the great corporation of

humanity which never dies. Nevertheless, it is fit that we join in expressing our sense of his worth and our gratitude for the circumstances that brought us within his benign influence. Nay, for our own reputation we should not leave, as Bacon expresses it, "to the next ages" the recognition of his merits and of our obligations. To this duty, moreover, we are impelled by an instinctive and irresistible feeling that even his self-forgetfulness was not so absolute that he

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from our graves the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

At the conclusion of his address the Vice-President called upon several members to speak, as follows:—

In enumerating the public services rendered by members of the Institute, I purposely omitted to mention the political and civic posts which many of them have filled. One of our presidents, and several of our members, have been elected to the office of Mayor of this city; but none of them, I venture to say, have better deserved praise for the dignity and fidelity with which they have performed their duties, either in the civic capacity or as members of the Institute, than he who now occupies the chair of the mayoralty. I am informed by the committee of arrangements that he will not disappoint your expectation to hear from him this evening. I therefore ask your attention to remarks from the honorable Robert S. Rantoul.

MAYOR RANTOUL'S REMARKS.

Mayor Rantoul said: It is a privilege to be permitted to say a word at the grave of Doctor Wheatland. Few such rare and unique personages are developed in a generation of men. For half a century, take him for all in all, he has been perhaps the most picturesque and familiar figure going in and out amongst us. We part company with him now, a neighbor and a friend we can ill afford to spare.

I speak of him not as he was known to his kindred—tender, affectionate, devoted, true; I speak of him not as the world knew him—public-spirited, self-forgetful, diligent in good works, seeking not his own; I speak of him rather as he showed himself to me from the day when, a rounded generation ago, he asked my help in editing the little newspaper record of a fair he was conducting in the interest of his beloved Institute,—a journal whose list of contributors counted John G. Whittier and Nathaniel Hawthorne and George William Curtis and Jones Very and Charles T. Brooks and Fitch Poole and John Lewis Russell and Mrs. Nathaniel Silsbee and Lucy Larcom and others, making up an illustrious and memorable staff. I speak of him as my early friend. May I speak of him also as I am in a way the mouthpiece of the city? It is fit that the city of Salem should bring its tribute to Doctor Wheatland's grave. It is fit that I speak in my townsmen's behalf, however inadequately, their universal sense of grief and loss. It was this whole community, without reserve or limitation, of which he made himself the servitor and helpmeet. It is this whole community, with-

out reserve or limitation, which owes him its lasting debt of gratitude and praise.

Doctor Wheatland is indeed a unique figure in our memories. The place he left vacant he created for himself. There is none to fill it and it will be vacant forever. He needs no monument. Family affection will make its shrine at the grave on the hillside looking toward the sunset, but no memorial, placed there by the tender care of kindred, can ever denote him truly to the coming years as he will be seen and perpetuated in the great achievement of his life, the creature of his toil and love, the Essex Institute.

The query has been raised, now and again, what eminence might not our friend have reached had his broad intelligence, his restless energy, and his persistent will been enlisted in some one of the specialties, amongst which modern activity divides itself to-day. The question needs no answer. Doctor Wheatland's career created the specialty to which it was given up, and in it he attained all the success a generous ambition could crave.

An institution, novel in its origin and nature, grew up under his guiding hand, an institution starting without patronage, endowments, expectations, or funds, a spontaneous growth, the offspring of a popular demand which he first perceived and then supplied, a product of the needs and tendencies of the times, sustained from first to last by the steady devotion and enthusiastic zeal of large numbers of inconspicuous toilers with him in the field of thought. If there be anywhere about us another institution like this,—a form of organization so elastic, so spontaneous, so popular in its germ,—if there be possible an agency better fitted to inspire high aims and generous work in an intelligent community, I know not where to seek it.

Two classes of toilers help to build up the mighty pyramid of human knowledge. To the few, conspicuous and

admired, it is given to carry high aloft the heavenward reaching apex of the pile, but to the greater number, humbler but not less necessary to the work, it is enough if they may help to broaden out the mighty base, and lay its foundations deep and sure, and make the towering superstructure stable and impregnable. This our friend did by spreading abroad his knowledge and by enlisting the young in his work.

There are scholars who seem to regard their learning as a stock in trade,—as a capital held largely for their own advancement. But Doctor Wheatland's knowledge was a trust held for the profit of others. It seemed to him to reach, like money, its highest use and function, only when by mutual exchange it passed into circulation and became part and parcel of the world's common affluence of thought. So thoroughly did he sink himself in his life-work that he never seemed to feel that thanks were due from him to those who contributed anything in aid of the Institute. It was the public and the common cause that every donor was serving, and each must find his reward where the Doctor got his, in the reflection that, through the agency of the Institute, he was helping others.

If Doctor Wheatland has not left us that much-desired book, a history of Salem, he has done that without which history is impossible. He has accumulated with infinite and thankless pains, and made accessible to all, the vast mass of detail which gives scope for the brilliant generalizations of the muse of history and romance, and which meets the severer exigencies of graphic art.

It is a rare distinction to be able to find one's highest pleasure in the habit of ministering to the good of others. Not many men in a generation are fitted to sustain continuous effort without the stimulus of some form of personal gain, and fewer still can maintain the struggle against odds, when the final triumph toward which they

press is likely to come, if it come at all, too late for them to see. With Doctor Wheatland these conditions were present until near the end. It was for the wide dissemination of knowledge,—it was to quicken and make keener the appetite for learning, to spread abroad rather than to pile up in the storehouse the garnered seed-grain, that Doctor Wheatland strove.

The prayer was answered at last, and in the quickened activities of the day he died content. Judged by its fruitage, no part of Doctor Wheatland's labor has been spent in vain. He saw the Institute—I knew it in the day of small things, when everyone who desired its perpetuity must be ready to labor for it—he saw the Institute a struggling waif, craving the friendly smile of all. He left it, after half a century of care, well housed and grown, its name established, its graduates illustrating every department of human thought, its collections on every shelf, commanding the respectful consideration of the cultured world, its necessity conceded, its success assured.

Life has little worth and little meaning, if devotion such as Doctor Wheatland's counts for nothing. Whilst respect for antiquity and tradition survives; whilst filial love hoards up in its treasure house the reminders of the past; whilst our great libraries, each volume fondled by his hand until it seems to draw new life and inspiration from his own, remain the chief ornament and treasure of our civic life; whilst such as White and Story and Pickering and Saltonstall and Bentley and Bowditch and Holyoke are held in honor, and the seal of Salem endures to epitomize a history and keep open a vista towards the sunrise; until disinterested zeal for man as man—the happiness which comes of unrequited service—shall cease to be esteemed commendable and worthy; there shall be in Salem an Essex Institute

“Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's reverend shade.”

REMARKS OF GEORGE D. PHIPPEN.

The Vice-President said: Three, only, survive of the seventeen members of the first board of officers of the Essex Institute. Of these, the youngest, Mr. George D. Phippen, was the first librarian. He is with us this evening; and with great pleasure I call upon him to add his voice to the tributes we are paying to the memory of his companion of forty-five years ago.

Mr. George D. Phippen spoke as follows:—

When first called upon by the committee in charge, it was suggested that, being contemporary with Doctor Wheatland throughout his scientific life, and closely connected with him in his earlier days, I might touch upon his long career, and dwell especially upon his early scientific work.

My first recollection of Henry Wheatland was in the summer of 1831, or possibly a year earlier, and I well remember the youthful cast of that same classic face that has ever since so strongly impressed all who have made his acquaintance. His figure was then striking, of erect yet slender build, with light brown hair falling in loose locks nearly to the collar of his coat. He had a rather weak voice, quiet manners; was guileless and attractive in all his ways. His love for the study of natural history was early developed, and with a few other young men of similar taste he became deeply interested in the formation of a natural history society in his native town, which, upon the enlistment of men of marked culture and riper years,

resulted in the incorporation, in the year 1834, of the Essex County Natural History Society.

This region was favorable for the object, and for years before had produced effective workers in history and the sciences; but they were isolated and had labored alone. These men would have rejoiced in the advantages of popular association, with its library and museum, but they passed away before the consummation of results for which their labors paved the way. Among his elders and associates in the incipency of the new society were such men as William Oakes, Dr. Andrew Nichols, Dr. George Osgood, Thomas Cole, Samuel P. Fowler, Thomas Spencer, Rev. Gardner B. Perry of Bradford, Dr. William Prescott of Lynn, and others not now recalled.

Amongst the earliest effective work of the Natural History Society, after the commencement of its museum and library, were the fruit and flower exhibitions, which tended strongly toward the improvement of our gardens by the discrimination and cultivation of choice hardy fruits and flowers, in great variety. This demonstration of popular zeal has since reached both its climax and decline, and now exists only in the fancied reputation of the "old fashioned gardens of Salem."

The unique feature of "field meetings," in which the public as well as members of the society participated, was not introduced until 1848, after the union of the Essex Historical Society and the Essex County Natural History Society, under the name of the Essex Institute.

For many years, however, prior to this date, small parties of the more devoted members of the Natural History Society were accustomed to make excursions in the neighboring woods and fields for botanical and other purposes of investigation; over ground which the Rev. Manasseh Cutler had ranged fifty years before, when preparing his "Account of Plants Growing in this part of

America," and which Doctors Nichols and Osgood had surveyed when assisting Dr. Jacob Bigelow in the completion of his once leading botanical work on the "Plants of Boston and Vicinity," published in 1824.

Such excursions were generally under the guidance of Doctor Osgood, Doctor Nichols, or Rev. John L. Russell, and they occurred at sundry times of the year, after the maples had put forth their "first flush of beauty," until they again spread their fullest robes of scarlet and gold in the fall. These pleasant occasions will long remain in the memory of those who participated in them. We were young then and Doctor Wheatland could outwalk us all, when we sought out, perhaps to some of us for the first time, localities where grew the Trilliums, Pyrolas, Arctus and the frosted Droseras, or, from the borders of brooks and ponds, the floating Utricularias, Brasenias or Dortman's Lobelia which tempted us and dared our acquisition of them by a partial bath. We well remember one occasion when, sunburnt and thirsty, after collecting plants in the lowlands and glades, under the lead of Doctor Nichols, we climbed to a mossy crag, fringed with *Corydalis glauca*, and felt well repaid for all our trouble, refreshing our parched lips and our drooping field-treasures, in the grassy rill near by. For an entire day's excursion our custom was to press deeply into the Lynn woods or the Essex woods; and for a half day's excursion we were content with a stroll in the Great Pastures, Paradise, or the woods adjacent to Orne's Point, now Kernwood. "Dark Lane," now lined with houses, was a famous ground for botanical specimens the entire season.

Minerals interested some of us, while others collected fresh-water shells and rare ferns, as we invaded the haunts of the turtle and the newt.

We were fresh and impressible then, and a new "find" filled us with a thrill of enthusiasm and a healthful glow of

spirits that gold, gems or honors in later days would have failed to excite.

Doctor Wheatland was primarily a botanist and knew well the localities of our native plants, and an array of their flowers, accurately named, always embellished a corner of our frequent floral exhibitions; but this pursuit he gradually relinquished to younger members. As a student of medicine he was fond of comparative anatomy, and here he obtained the title of Doctor which has always with, perhaps, profounder meanings distinguished his name. On the proper shelves of the Institute are many specimens, particularly of the smaller animals, prepared by his own hands.

He was interested in the study of conchology, and was fond of dredging the harbor for specimens, that the productions of the county in this regard might be properly represented in the cabinets of the Institute, where a collection of native shells, many of them minute and taken by him from the stomachs of fishes, now occupy their appropriate places in the trays provided. He was at one time a devoted entomologist and we have seen him throw the net for his brilliantly colored prey, which he immediately killed by a poisonous puncture before pinning them into his collection box. He also knew well how to throw the net for the capture of young men, whom he infused with his own glowing spirit, and their names, not a few, now adorn the scientific institutions of the land. Bent as he was upon illustrating the products of his native land, particularly of the county in which he lived, he could not fail to be a genealogist, as many of his papers published in the Historical Collections of the Institute abundantly attest. To him, as to an oracle, came the wandering sons of Essex, perhaps from afar, back to the old ancestral hive from which they had strayed, to inquire who

their fathers were ; and he, being imbued with a veneration for our New England ancestry, and blessed as he was with a strong memory, and furnished with a fund of gleanings from our public records, seldom sent an inquirer away without some facts of personal interest and encouragement for further research which ensured success, often thereby gaining lasting friendships for himself and the Institute he so much loved. The burden of these early days of the Natural History Society and of the Institute rested strongly on his private exertions and those of a few appreciative friends, for encouragement and the necessary means for the conduct of affairs. In this he was determined to succeed ; and we bear witness to his anxiety, when it became necessary to procure additional cases for the enlarged library and increasing collections, augmented as the cost was by unavoidable alterations attendant upon a change of rooms from Essex Place where the first horticultural exhibition was held in 1834 with marked success ; then migrating to the Franklin Building in 1835, where, upon a summer afternoon in 1836, the Rev. J. L. Russell gave one of the first lectures to the members of the new society ; then to the Chase Building in Court street in 1837 ; then to Pickman Place in 1842 ; and, finally, under the name of the Essex Institute, to their permanent home at Plummer Hall and their own building adjoining.

For many years Doctor Wheatland held no higher office than secretary of the Institute, and wanted no other, as he well knew that all things must centre and culminate in him and thence would radiate throughout the complex interests of the association. Presidents and curators were never out of that magnetic current nor desired to be, and no jarring interests have ever retarded the work so well begun and continued for nearly sixty years. At the union of the two societies in 1848, each had a fund of

seven hundred dollars only. For the next thirty years the funds increased slowly to \$12,000, but in the succeeding twelve years funds came in rapidly until they are now upwards of \$100,000. Several of the legacies indicate personal friendships, and show faith in him, who had shown such an abiding faith and devotion to the prime purpose of his life,—the founding and permanent endowment of the Essex Institute, with its library, its museum, and its published Collections; for this he gave his entire manhood, with never one dollar of perquisite or salary in all these years.

His profound devotion to his work shows that he worshipped at the inner courts of the temple of truth; his watchword was faith,—first in himself, then in the zeal of his disciples, and in the tried patrons of the Institute, never for a moment doubting the appreciative heart of the greater public.

Few men have had such an opportunity for lasting fame or would or could have pursued it to its consummation; for now the Essex Institute has a world-wide reputation, and England, France, Germany and far-off India contribute to its shelves. As we look back upon these early days and early friends, and review the work accomplished along the path of years—by lectures, horticultural and art exhibitions, historical and scientific publications, the popularity of the field meetings about the county, with their power of cementing friendships—we are impressed with much that is novel and unique in this formative era. Noting, as we must, how large a number of the original and prime workers have, with our friend, passed over the dark river together, it seems like the rolling up of a scroll, never in the future to be again displayed before our mortal eyes.

When we contemplate the racy companionships of those

early days, ripening into the unbroken friendships of later years, which clustered about this devotee and friend, whose influence so many have felt, we cannot but be thankful that we were contemporary with him throughout his long life.

“ Friends, Friends, oh ! shall we meet
Where the spoiler finds no prey,—
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away ? ”

The present generation called Doctor Wheatland old, and thought him always so ; but when a few years ago, in some printed report of doings, he was styled the “venerable Doctor Wheatland,” it was an offence to us, who remembered him when young—always young in ardor and devotion and never old at heart.

We pile granite and marble high over the last resting place of those we love and honor, and we do well ; but here our friend, without vanity or pride, and scarcely knowing it himself, has reared to his own memory an Institution—a monument for future fame, whose base rests firmly upon the hearts of the people of the county, and whose shaft, pointing to the skies, rises high to catch the ever dawning rays of truth and progress from whatever source they come—and such a monument as architect never devised nor artisan constructed.

PROFESSOR MORSE'S REMARKS.

The Vice-President then said : Of the relations of the Peabody Academy of Science to the Essex Institute, I have already spoken. Doctor Wheatland was from the first a Trustee of the Academy, and for nearly the quarter of a century its honored Vice-President. It is therefore eminently fitting that the Academy should be represented here by the Director of its Museum, who, also, has claims upon our attention as a representative of the scientific side of the Essex Institute, of which he is a distinguished member. I now ask you to listen to what he has to offer. I present to you Prof. Edward S. Morse.

Professor Morse spoke as follows : With the death of Dr. Henry Wheatland there has passed away nearly the last one of a coterie of men, who, in the early half of the century, became identified with institutions of science and who finally gave their entire time to the objects of their devotion. It would seem that certain uncommon attributes of the mind predetermined a man's fitness for such a work ; certain it is that without exception these men showed marked similarities of taste, temper and disposition. These similarities showed themselves in the minuter peculiarities of dress, gentleness of manner and a winning personality. One has only to recall, among others, Doctor Torrey of the Lyceum of Natural History, Doctor Gray of the Botanic Gardens, Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Wyman of the Anatomical Museum, Doctor Lea of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, Doctor Jackson of the Museum of Morbid Anatomy, to note these resemblances.

Doctor Wheatland's identification with the Essex Institute is so complete that it is impossible to think of him and of the Institution separately. He was not only its father but for many years he *was* the Institute, so far as being secretary, treasurer, editor of its journals, cabinet-keeper and night-watchman could make him. In nearly every branch of the Institute's varied work he had made direct communications, though to historical and genealogical subjects he has made the most extended contributions. One would think that the multifarious duties he voluntarily assumed in the name of the Institute might have absorbed all his time and sympathy; yet, nevertheless, he devoted a great deal of attention to the school interests of the city and also to the Salem Fraternity in the earlier years of its foundation.

It devolves upon me at this time to consider his work in natural science, and in so doing I shall venture to make a slight study of this remarkable man.

The work in natural science fifty years ago is not to be judged by the standard of investigation demanded to-day. The same may be said of physical science, and, indeed, of all departments of study and thought. In museums of Natural History the collections mainly consisted of specimens brought home from abroad. As for native material, unless a specimen was unique, or of rare occurrence in the neighborhood, it commanded but little attention from the collector. The botanist was compelled to seek his material from regions about his door, as the preparation of proper botanical specimens required a certain amount of care and trouble which few travellers were inclined to take. We thus find the study of botany at that time, and the enumeration of species of plants in the country, far in advance of similar work in many groups of the animal kingdom. With this understanding we must consider the

work of Doctor Wheatland. The diversity of his tastes in natural science is best indicated by a brief glance at the various contributions he made to the meetings of the Essex County Natural History Society and to the Essex Institute as recorded in their published transactions. So far as I know he made no special accumulations; he had no home collections.

The Journal of the Essex County Natural History Society which preceded that of the Institute contains Doctor Wheatland's first communication on zoölogical subjects. This is an account of the Hoary Bat with specific description and references to its distribution. It had been met with but three times in Essex County. Another paper of his contains a notice of several fishes of rare occurrence in Essex County. In the Essex Institute Proceedings are published many evidences of his active work in zoölogy. At one time he was much interested in collecting the shells of Essex County and vicinity. Much of his material was got by dredging in the waters about the coast. The eminent zoölogist Stimpson often accompanied him in these trips. In fact, Doctor Wheatland first taught young Stimpson, then living in Cambridge, the use of the dredge. A primitive form of dredge it is true, but yet these two ardent collectors were enabled to add many species of mollusks new to New England waters. This must have been in 1849 or '50, for in 1851 Dr. Stimpson published his classical catalogue of the shells of New England in which Doctor Wheatland is given the credit of twenty-two of the species recorded and many of these are among some of the rarest shells found to-day. The records show that he dredged not only in Salem harbor, but off Cape Ann and the Isles of Shoals. In 1854 he read an important paper on the skull of the walrus with general remarks on the crania of mammals and on the homologies of the

vertebrate skeleton. At this time he was interested in the comparative anatomy of the vertebrates and made quite an extensive collection of anatomical preparations. In 1856 he communicated a paper on the anatomical structure of the rabbit, including a history of the domesticated varieties. In 1858 he commented upon a collection of fishes from Surinam which had been presented to the Society, and at the same time made some remarks on the subject of aquaria which at that time was attracting considerable attention from the interest aroused in the matter by the beautiful works of Philip Gosse of England. In 1861 he discussed the methods of improving the saccharine qualities of beet root. In the same year he made a communication on the habits and history of orthopterous insects. In 1863, at a field meeting on Salem Neck, he gave a list of the various minerals found in the vicinity. To have made the above communications, many of them in the form of extemporaneous remarks, indicates a very general knowledge of natural science. The records of his most extensive studies are, however, to be found in the Historical Collections, and here his large and varied knowledge of local historical and genealogical subjects is fully shown.

His few public addresses indicate a clear head and a warm heart. His remarks on the occasion of the presentation to the Academy of the memorial tablet to Caleb Cooke was a sympathetic recognition of Mr. Cooke's devotion to the Institutions with which he had been connected. The dignity and courtesy of his address to Canon Kingsley on his visit to the Institute is well remembered.

Besides the various communications recorded we must take into account the laborious task imposed on him as Secretary and Treasurer of the Institute for so many years. Five volumes of the Essex Institute Proceedings

as well as a large number of parts of the Bulletin were nearly all compiled and put in shape for the press by him. Accounts kept, proof corrected, the minute references justified, the records of innumerable field meetings in the various parts of the county, usually prefaced by a brief historical notice of the place in which the field meeting was held, all show the voluminous nature of the work done by Doctor Wheatland. In making up the volumes of the Proceedings he was greatly aided by Professor Putnam, but nevertheless every page was scanned by the Doctor. It is not too much to say that the Essex Institute and, indirectly, its sister institution, the Peabody Academy of Science, may be looked upon as the results of Doctor Wheatland's life-long devotion to the cause of science and history in this community.

It is too early now to take cognizance of the minute traits that characterized this interesting man, yet this brief sketch would be imperfect did I not dwell in a general way on certain traits and habits which would better portray the character of this unique spirit and illustrate his unparalleled devotion to the Institute. His appearance was familiar to every resident of Salem. With the regularity of a clock he passed back and forth on Essex street for over half a century. In later years his form was slightly bent, but those who knew him forty years ago said that he bore the same general appearance as in recent years. As a young man he always had an oldish look. One could recognize his character at a glance. As he walked along in an abstracted fashion, one could see the student and antiquarian in his dress, walk and gesture. He rarely recognized an acquaintance on the street and unless spoken to would walk rapidly by. His profile bore a marked resemblance to that of Dante, as pictured by Scheffer. This resemblance has been repeatedly

remarked upon by many who saw him for the first time. So impressive was this aspect of his face that Professor W. C. Cleveland, an artist as well as a mathematician, was able to reproduce it from memory so correctly that it was immediately recognized. In his habits he was regular and abstemious. His frugality was also a marked feature of his life. The scrupulously-saved fragments of blank writing paper upon which he made his notes and memoranda served for his letter paper also. So thoroughly was his life identified with the Institute's welfare that many of his ways and habits had been formed in obedience to this devotion. For years he acted as watchman to the Institute, going to the building after dark and climbing to the attic over a staircase, so precipitous that a ladder would have seemed a safer way.

With his unceasing fidelity to the Institute he was never known to induce one to become a member, nor was he ever known personally to express special thanks for donations to its collections. Even when the objects were of value he would say to the donor, "Yes, like them very well: put them down there,"—without even glancing at them. This devoted nature who gave every moment of his life to the multifarious interests of the Institute, without caring for or expecting any recognition, could not easily understand why others, who were willing to part with objects often of no possible use to them, should be specially thanked. That he felt grateful for the contributions, however, is shown in his address on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Institute in 1873. In this address he said: "The occasion suggests many associations that cannot be passed over in silence. The place and surroundings are crowded with them, the building, the varied relics, the books, are not without their history, and are continually reminding us of the debt of

gratitude we owe to those through whose liberality they were obtained."

A marked feature of his character was his persistent plodding along certain lines, never, for a moment, forgetting the various goals which, though tangible to him, were yet in the indefinite future. The hopelessness of reaching some of these goals would have made the most courageous despair, but he never despaired, nor was he ever guilty of currying favor in order to reach them more quickly and, though the distance was great, he never hurried. He never showed the slightest impatience at delays, always slow, deliberate, yet always working to certain definite ends, it might be the completion of some genealogical branch, or to secure larger accommodations for the Institute. As an illustration of this deliberate way of working, the following story is told. He had occasion to write to a correspondent for some clue to a matter that he was at work upon. The letter was written in 1870. Twenty-one years after he got an answer. On some surprise being expressed at this long delay, the Doctor replied: "Well, what could the man do? He couldn't send it if he hadn't got it."

His tastes were of the simplest kinds and while taking the deepest interest in the varied work of the Institute, history, science, music, art, flower and fruit exhibitions, popular field meetings in country towns, and in the more serious home meetings, he confessed to no special love for music, and admitted he had never read a line of Shakespeare. He showed the greatest repugnance to having his likeness taken, and only in later years and after repeated refusals was he finally induced to have a photograph taken for the Massachusetts Historical Society. This repugnance having finally been overcome, he consented to sit for the beautiful portrait by Vinton.

Emerson, in speaking of our insignificance in the presence of infinite space, said: "The stars look down on a political meeting and say 'why so hot, little man?'" Doctor Wheatland had in a measure the philosophical calm of Emerson. In speaking of the war he said: "It will come out all right. What's the use of getting excited?" He never showed any special interest in discussions on religion, politics, temperance, or the labor question. In these matters he evidently held his convictions, or rather the expression of them, in abeyance, wholly in the interests of the Institute, for said he: "all kinds of views are held by the members and there is no good in provoking dissensions." His whole attitude was that of non-resistance, and Tolstoi could have found no better illustration of his peculiar views in this respect than in those of Dr. Wheatland. At this point I cannot refrain from calling attention to the absolute harmony which has always pervaded the councils of the Institute. There have never arisen cliques. There have been divergences of opinion, but these have never been expressed to the peril of the Society. Individual preferences and opinions have been sacrificed for the welfare of the whole, and this remarkable accord has been the result of Doctor Wheatland's patience and sagacity in guiding the work of the Institute. This is more noteworthy when the divergent interests of the Institute work is considered. Totally different bodies of members, the result of the early fusion of the two Societies, have been brought together; the one standing for historical and genealogical researches, the other for the pursuit of technical and popular science, to which should be added those interested in art, horticulture, floriculture, and members interested only in the success of the Institute as a whole. It is true they all had a common bond in the simple love and pursuit of truth. However that may

be, surely here one might find, if anywhere, opportunities for attrition, personal preference, special demands for appropriation, divergent opinions as to the weight to be accorded certain departments; yet all have received impartial attention and consideration from the gentle and dispassionate guide who held the helm for more than half a century.

While having a wide and varied knowledge in many branches of learning, the reserve and modesty with which he imparted this knowledge were proverbial. Often he declared he knew nothing about a subject and then began with some hesitation: "Well, it seems that along about 1691, etc.," and from this non-committal preface would unfold a most remarkable fund of information. He could refer to book and page with wonderful facility. On some inquiry being made he would say: "Well, if you look on such a shelf, you will find the book you want and on page 46, half way down, you'll see what you are after."

He had a good deal of humor; enjoyed fun and laughed heartily. His expressions were often quaint and to the point though clothed in the simplest speech and sometimes blunt. Some years ago the Institute held a fair and, as was very common at the time, a raffle was introduced. Some one made complaint about it, and the Doctor said: "If you and Mrs. — had kept one eye shut and the other eye half open, there would have been no trouble."

He was never demonstrative though always earnest. A serenity of manner, a sweet, almost coy way of imparting information, and a peculiar pursing of the lips when speaking of some quiet triumph of the Institute, or when the Institute, with its then limited resources, had anticipated other societies more richly endowed, are vividly remembered by those who knew him. One wondered if this placid demeanor was ever disturbed; whether a ripple

ever agitated this tranquil mind. The same wonder was expressed in regard to the beloved Phillips Brooks, and I am sure that many felt another bond of sympathy with this great man when a learned bishop told us the other day that Phillips Brooks could, in the most vehement and passionate manner, denounce an outrageous abuse. So it was with Doctor Wheatland: on rare occasions his usually unruffled nature was convulsed as by a thunder burst.

His diffidence and modesty were always shown in the manifest embarrassment he labored under in presiding over, or addressing a meeting. He would often hesitate and stammer until he finally got under way, and this hesitancy on such occasions he never outgrew.

By briefly recapitulating this imperfect personal sketch of Doctor Wheatland, a peculiar and somewhat remarkable feature is shown in certain antithetical phases of his character. He was never enthusiastic, yet always kindled enthusiasm in others. While abstemious in the last degree, he never found fault with others for being otherwise. Exceedingly frugal, he never complained of others for their extravagances. While abstaining from tobacco and spirits in every form, he never interfered with the enjoyment of others in these matters. With unwavering devotion to the Institute he never solicited aid for it or asked any one to become a member. Regarding the field meetings of the utmost importance and always attending them, he never chided others for not attending.

While saving every penny for the Institute he never cast reflections on others for directing their money elsewhere.

He dwelt in the past, and yet continually planned for the future.

Some of the wisest sayings of Confucius well illustrate certain features of Doctor Wheatland's mind. Confucius

says in his *Analects* : "Things that are done it is needless to speak about ; things that have had their course it is needless to remonstrate about ; things that are past it is needless to blame." "Is he not a man of complete virtue who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?"

The elasticity and youthful hopefulness of his mind up to the last moment of his active work for the Institute may be regarded as unusual. That crystallization and rigidity of the mind which often overtake a man at forty, and which, for the cause he represents, is more to be deplored than if it had been lost entirely, never for a moment affected the Doctor. His outlook was always of the widest dimensions, and he talked of the expansion of the Institute with the undaunted courage of a youth possessed of unlimited resources. He had seen the Institute grow from a few members, occupying a small hired room, possessing a few specimens and books, and an empty treasury, to an organization of nearly four hundred members, occupying a large building of its own, with invested funds of over one hundred thousand dollars and a library of sixty thousand volumes. In his view such a growth could not be arrested, and we may here introduce with propriety the words of Doctor Wheatland, uttered on an occasion similar to that which now calls us together. At a memorial meeting on the death of Francis Peabody, the predecessor of Doctor Wheatland as President of the Institute, the latter remarked : "Although much has been accomplished, yet we have only entered upon the threshold of the domain of science. More remains to be done before the objects which these pioneers have labored for can be said to be in a good working condition. This duty is never finished ; the more an institution does, the wider the vista opens and a greater amount of labor is found necessary to be done,

increasing as it progresses in a geometrical ratio. It is a law of nature that, when any institution or organic object ceases to grow, decay commences and a gradual dissolution follows."

So full of quiet enthusiasm for the final accomplishment of his high aims, he looked ahead hopefully to the ultimate development of a large historical museum in which would be properly displayed the Provincial and Colonial records of the County, as well as records of the commercial history of this historic city. May we not hope that the realization of this scheme, so dear to the heart of Doctor Wheatland, may be the best memorial to strive for to perpetuate forever the memory of this devoted spirit.

I cannot do better than to close with Doctor Wheatland's own words uttered in the final sentences of his introductory remarks at the memorial meeting above referred to: "Let all who revere the memory of the departed and desire to have accomplished, or at least greatly advanced, the objects that were dear to them, come forward and extend a helping hand to those who bear the heat and burden of the day. Though dead they yet speak in the recollection of their zeal and energy in all worthy undertakings,—truly their good works follow them."

THE REV. DR. BOLLES INTRODUCED.

The Vice President then said: It is to the credit of our clergy that there has never been a time when the Institute failed to receive marked tokens of interest in its work from some of their number. Nor has this evidence of good will been restricted to a single denomination. Our minds revert with pleasure to the countenance and coöperation of such efficient members as Russell, Very, Barden, Beaman, Atwood, and Bolles, of the remoter past, besides others who have been more recently associated with us. As a representative of the clergy it was expected by the committee of arrangements that the pastor of our late President would add something appropriate to what should be spoken on this occasion, although the committee appreciated the difficulty he must encounter in devising a new treatment of a theme which he has already so well discussed in the memorial sermon to which the present proceedings are virtually an appendix. I regret to say I have learned, since we assembled here, that sudden and severe illness will prevent his being with us this evening. However, we are fortunately favored with the presence of one of the clergymen whose names I have mentioned—one whose loss to the Institute by his removal from the state we have never ceased to deplore—who, I am assured, is ready to comply with the request I make in your behalf that he gratify us once more with the sound of that voice to which we ever listened with profit and delight. I present to you Rev. Dr. Edwin C. Bolles of New York.

Dr. Bolles, in the course of his tribute, said :

The first thought that came to his mind and leaped to his lips on an occasion like this was a sentiment of personal attachment for Salem. He had wandered far,—he was straying a truant long,—but for all that, he never thought of the old place, especially did he never revisit the old place, that Salem did not seem to come back to him freshly and irresistibly as the home of his affections. Whatever experiences of joy or sorrow might be in store for him behind the veil of the mysterious future, he was sure he would always reckon himself, and would always hope and pray to be regarded as, a loyal son of Salem,—as an active rather than as an honorary or corresponding member of the Essex Institute.

It was now thirty-three years,—a full generation of men,—since he first associated himself with Doctor Wheatland in active membership of the Essex Institute, and felt the honor it was to count himself amongst the personal friends of one who stood then, as he always stood, for whatever was best and noblest in the life and culture of this community. But the Institute was not then, what it is to-day, sturdy, self-poised, self-contained, self-reliant. It stood then for all that it stands for now,—so did its president, the great educator, the great scientist, the inspirer of youth, the good exemplar and guide,—but it did not stand firmly and immutably upon its own feet, fixed on a broad foundation in the love and appreciation of this whole community; on the contrary, it depended then upon the courage and persistency and, I may say, the enthusiastic zeal of a little group of workers. I say “enthusiastic zeal”; and in this I find myself, said Doctor Bolles, at issue with the Professor who has preceded me, for I think Doctor Wheatland was an enthusiast, albeit his enthusiasm did not toss and boil and bubble, but worked noiselessly

and almost unnoted—still working to its appointed end. "Still waters run deep": the Doctor's characteristics were not displayed on the surface. They were subtle. They were deep-seated. One must needs dig further in order to be sure of finding them, and I must differ from my friend, Professor Morse, when I say that it was precisely because of his intense enthusiasm,—abiding long, incapable of interruption or discouragement,—that the Doctor was so undemonstrative. Do we not see, let me ask, in the equal but unlike enthusiasm of Professor Morse,—himself a reflection of the very enthusiasm which fired the heart of our common Nestor and leader,—a flame kindled at the same glowing ember?

Doctor Wheatland had not passed middle age before he took on a venerable look. But his heart was young to the last, and no trait of his character was more engaging and attractive than his unbounded sympathy with the concerns and efforts of young people.

Such men as Doctor Wheatland, who are willing and eager to do the obscure drudgery of science until higher results may be reached for, make the work of Agassiz and Henry and the great luminaries in science possible. The Doctor did not desire to be known, to receive credit, to be conspicuous. He desired to labor, to wait, to prepare the way, to be a door-keeper in the house. He was a born collector. To accumulate, to save from the ravages of time, to rescue from the besom of destruction,—this was not so much matter of volition as of instinct with him. Anything, if kept long enough, becomes interesting in an archaic way; anything, if carefully preserved and microscopically studied with the eye of an expert, is liable to help to some broader generalization, not yet arrived at, only dimly foreshadowed. The most familiar fact, the most seemingly unimportant occurrence,—the fall of the

apple, the hum of the tea-kettle,—if duly and scientifically observed may lead, who knows where? who knows how? to the unfolding of some hidden law, to the unloosing of some titanic force, fitted in its majestic sway to shape the destiny of planets! To the Doctor, impressed with this view, nothing was too mean to be important. He saved everything. Everything had its lesson and its message. His eye was alert. His ear was keen. If he failed to catch the meaning of the bit he cherished, some one who came after him would do better. Accumulation of the facts and evidences and specimens is the first step. Generalization, the discovery and interpretation of laws, comes later. Agassiz used to say that he was only a collector. When enough material was at hand, others might classify and interpret with assurance. So it was with the Doctor: everything was sacred to him, as possibly concealing an unsuspected truth. He was a collector by instinct, by nature, by the grace of God, and not merely by accident or training.

Doctor Wheatland felt the broadest sympathy and fellowship with workers in all kindred fields of learning and was never weary of answering the questions of inquirers, if only they were honest seekers after knowledge. His storehouse was open to all comers and he rarely failed to astonish and overwhelm the tyro in any branch which he had studied, by pouring out upon him a pent-up flood of curious and priceless information. He labored strictly for other people; the return he sought, the only one he seemed to care for, was the support and perpetuation of the Essex Institute. Such devotion is contagious. It did not fail to show its effects upon a school of younger men, with whom I am proud to find myself deemed worthy of association. I owe much to Doctor Wheatland. I am glad to be remembered amongst those thought

worthy to break silence on this occasion. I come here to acknowledge my debt with a solemn satisfaction ; and while Doctor Wheatland's earthly immortality is secure,—for his name and fame are written indelibly in the hearts and minds of this community,—it is not unfit to say that no man in this community can rightly honor him, while allowing his cherished Institute to languish for lack of material assistance.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Amongst the many expressions of sympathy received through the mails were these :

T. F. HUNT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR :—

When I came to Salem as a young girl, Doctor Wheatland was, next to my guardian, Dr. Wm. H. Prince, a kind and helpful friend. I cared very little for the sports of other girls, and every hour that I could find, free from home studies or music, I used to spend with the Doctor at the "little Museum."

He knew how grateful I was to him, and I know that his place can *never be filled*.

When different tributes are paid to him I hope to add, if permitted, my modest, but sincere one. I knew him as friend, counsellor, school committee, and scientist; but, dearest to me of all, as a faithful historian.

Yours respectfully,

(Mrs.) KATE TANNATT WOODS.

"Maple Nest," Salem, Mass.

March 11th, 1893.

Mr. William P. Upham writes from

NEWTONVILLE, MASS.,

MARCH 14, '93.

. . . I shall hope to be present at the memorial meeting, April 17th. If prevented, I shall wish to join in the affectionate testimonial to the memory of the good "Doctor" which so many will be glad to render.

We are all grateful that, though in certain respects his place can never be filled, there are those who are able and willing to take up and carry on the good work for which he laid the foundations.

However I may "drift away," Salem and the "Institute" is the haven to which I should always hope to return. One can find nothing like it,—certainly on this side the Atlantic. What observation I have had of other places and other institutions has led me to believe that on some points Salem and its mental atmosphere (so to speak) possess greater promise than any of them. If the Doctor could have had the means to carry out fully his ideas, the good influence of the Essex Institute, great as it has been, would have been and would be preëminently greater.

DANVERS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
DANVERS, MASS., MARCH 20, 1893.

At the quarterly meeting of the Danvers Historical Society, held this day, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz:—

"WHEREAS, since the last meeting of this Society, one of our Honorary Members has departed this life,—Dr. Henry Wheatland, the learned antiquary, and honored President of the Essex Institute, it is, therefore,

Resolved, that we with the other historical societies in this vicinity acknowledge willing homage to the Essex Institute of Salem. Long founded, firmly established, the monument of much personal devotion, the pride of all who are interested in the preservation of materials for local history, it recognizes no rivalry except in the accomplishment of good, tolerates no jealousy, but is at once a type and example of the high position which may be attained, and a help to younger societies to reach its standard.

Whatsoever tribute may be paid to the Essex Institute is a tribute to him, so much of whose life was given to promote its beneficial growth. No other praise could have been so dear to him, living.

Henry Wheatland, M. D., LL.D., President of the Essex Institute, died in Salem, February 27, 1893, at the age of eighty-one years.

The Danvers Historical Society thus formally takes notice of an event, none the less lamented because it was not unexpected.

In the death of Doctor Wheatland this society feels conscious of a great loss which it shares in common with a wide community. It recognizes the worth of the man and the value of his work. It would preserve by this simple minute, spread upon its records and transmitted to the Essex Institute, its appreciation of the remarkable attainments and of the quiet nobility of character of him, who, long after many a brilliant reputation of to-day has been forgotten, will be known and lovingly remembered for what he has done."

Attest,

SARAH E. HUNT,

Secretary.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 3, 1893.

HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL,

Chairman of Committee of the Essex Institute,

DEAR SIR,

Numerous pressing duties in the Peabody Institute make it impossible for me to leave this city to be present at your memorial meeting in honor of the memory of my former friend, President Henry Wheatland.

Although separated from him by many hundreds of miles of distance, his kind and genial presence was often remembered, and I heartily join with the members of the

Essex Institute in whatever good words they may express in honor of this noble and useful friend of science.

With sincere respect,

Yours,

P. R. UHLER.

BOSTON, 4 APRIL, 1893.

HON. R. S. RANTOUL,
Chairman, etc.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot promise myself the privilege of attending the meeting of the Essex Institute in memory of its late President, Dr. Henry Wheatland, on the 17th inst., but I thank the committee for their obliging invitation. I would gladly avail myself of the occasion to bear testimony to his faithful and devoted services as Secretary of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge for twenty years past, but the infirmities of age compel me to deny myself.

Believe me,

Yours, resp'y and truly,

ROB'T. C. WINTHROP.

Professor Hall of Albany, the eminent geologist, writes, April 4:

. . . I thank you for your kind invitation, and would cordially accept the same were it possible for me to leave Albany at that date, which unfortunately I cannot do.

Please accept for yourself and friends of the late Doctor Wheatland my sincere sympathy and expressions of my respect and great regard.

Regretting my inability to be present on this occasion,

I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES HALL.

MONTREAL, 6 APRIL, 1893.

M. HENRY M. BROOKS,
Secrétaire, Essex Institute, Salem.

MONSIEUR LE SECRÉTAIRE :—

Si la santé me l'eût permis, je me serais fait un devoir d'assister à l'assemblée de l'Essex Institute, qui aura lieu, à Salem, le 17 du courant, en mémoire de son très digne président, M. Henry Wheatland.

Je vous prie de présenter à l'honorable président et à messieurs les membres mes remerciements pour leur aimable invitation.

J'aurais été heureux d'entendre les éloges de mon ancien et excellent ami, M. Henry Wheatland, que j'ai eu l'honneur et le plaisir de recevoir chez moi, lors d'une visite qu'il faisait à Montréal, il y a déjà plusieurs années.

Veuillez bien me croire, Monsieur le Secrétaire,

Votre tout dévoué serviteur,

L. A. HUGUET-LATOUR, M. A., N. P.,
Major-Commandeur, Officier d'Académie,
Membre Corresp. de l'Essex Institute.

74 SPARKS STREET, CAMBRIDGE,
APRIL 8, '93.

DEAR RANTOUL :—

I have the notice of the memorial service for Doctor Wheatland on April 17, and should be glad if it was possible for me to attend, and join in the tribute of respect so thoughtfully given and so largely deserved.

Very truly,

JUSTIN WINSOR.

His Honor, Mayor Rantoul.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1311 NEW HAMPSHIRE AVE.,

APRIL 10, 1893.

HENRY M. BROOKS, ESQ., Secretary.

MY DEAR SIR:

Acknowledging the kind invitation to be present at the meeting of the Essex Institute in memory of its late President, Henry Wheatland, I regret very much my inability to attend.

Though for many years it has not been my privilege to pass more than a few hours at a time in Salem, I have taken every occasion to visit this friend of my youth, only to strengthen the bond by which he held my veneration and affection.

There have probably been several generations of the Doctor's "boys." I am proud of having been among the first of the number. Fred. W. Putnam and myself constituted the family in our day and generation, having been given full possession of the "den" in the first Pickman Place location opposite the Coffee House, so called, until yielded by me to Putnam alone with his rattlesnakes. That I was not blown up with my chemicals, nor Putnam bitten by his rattlesnakes, has ever since seemed to me a marvel.

All of the friends of the Institute well know what it has done for Salem and what its life-president did for that institution. Its influence has reached far and wide. Communities in every state have taken it as a model. A rich field for biological studies, especially of marine life with which the rocky shores of Essex County abound, Salem, mostly through the influence of the Institute, has become a centre of scientific thought and opinion.

With the love of science, Doctor Wheatland happily combined the pleasures of the antiquary and historian.

Both town and county are stored with antiquarian material. Colonial and Puritan records as spread upon the pages of the Historical Collections will help to keep up the individuality of Salem.

A tribute to the value and usefulness of the Essex Institute will be a tribute to the memory of its late president who gave it life and shaped its development.

His fine character was impressed upon his countenance. Upon it was reflected contemplation of the good, the true and the beautiful. Its calm was of perfect peace and good will. By us to whom he was endeared his features will never be forgotten. I hope the Institute will not suffer them to be unknown to future generations of members.

Thanking you for your mindfulness of my interest in the occasion, I am, my dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,

JAS. P. KIMBALL.

HON. R. S. RANTOUL,

Chairman of Committee of Essex Institute.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am grateful for the thoughtfulness of your card of the 25th ult. in reverential memory.

If there was ever man who might enshrine himself in loving remembrance, for the love and truth that were in his very soul—pervaded his being—that man was our late honored President, Henry Wheatland.

I never have been allowed the happiness to sniff of the incense of your historic old town, embalming the beginnings of progressive New England, but I did have the memorable, not-to-be-forgotten pleasure to greet Mr. Wheatland here, and thus to know him, as his soul beamed in his countenance and discourse.

I could love no better man, I'll stake my being on it.

My grief is with you, I need not assure you, in the translation of one of God's and nature's noblest mediums and exponents,— of a simple, earnest servant.

Faithfully yours,

R. A. BROCK.

Richmond, Va., April 10, '93.

Rev. GEO. D. WILDES writes thus from

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY, RIVERDALE,
NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 10th.

. . . During the twenty-six years in which I have been more or less in the habit of re-visiting Salem, my earliest call has almost invariably been upon my dear friend and former Institute associate, Henry Wheatland. An hour in his company was replete with instruction and delight. Now that he is gone, I venture to say, as in one of the Church's supplications, "May perpetual light rest upon him"!

BOSTON, APRIL 11th, 1893.

MR. HENRY M. BROOKS :

Secretary Essex Institute.

DEAR SIR,

I deeply regret that my absence from Boston, next week, will prevent my participation in your memorial meeting in honor of the late president of the Institute, Dr. Henry Wheatland.

Although unable to be present, I desire to express my profound respect for his character, and to join the members in honoring the memory of one for whose life I have always had the highest admiration.

Personally I owe him a debt of gratitude for the interest he has always had in my work and the ever ready hand to help me in every way.

I extend to my fellow members of the Institute the deepest sympathy in their great loss.

Very sincerely yours,

J. WALTER FEWKES.

CABINET OF THE RHODE ISLAND
HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

PROVIDENCE, R. I., APRIL 12th, 1893.

HENRY M. BROOKS, ESQ.,

Secretary of the Essex Institute.

MY DEAR SIR:—

. . . But while I may not be able to show my sympathy in your affliction by personal presence at these exercises, I feel none the less deeply for you in your sorrow. Great as the loss of the personal presence of your late president must be to your Society, it cannot fail to be an unfailing source of satisfaction that his memory will ever remain as an inspiration to all who may succeed him.

Very truly yours,

HORATIO ROGERS,

President R. I. Hist. Society.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., APRIL 12, 1893.

HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL:

Chairman of Com. Essex Institute.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hoped to have been able to attend the memorial meeting of the Essex Institute on the evening of

the 17th, but find that I shall have to spend that night in Washington. I would much like to hear the tributes of love and respect which will be paid to the memory of Doctor Wheatland. When a boy visiting Salem, I experienced much kindness and encouragement from our departed friend, and was one of many young naturalists whom he encouraged. He was one of the most active and hearty of the pioneers of science in this country. The Institute, with its building, fine library, and its endowment, owes more to him than to any one man. His life was a benediction and his memory will ever be cherished by every son of Essex. Our American civilization still lacks men of such culture and devotion to liberal studies, and we can do none too much to hold up their lives as examples for others to follow. Again expressing my regret at not being able to be present at these exercises,

I remain, Yours very respectfully,

A. S. PACKARD.

LAW LIBRARY,

MINNEAPOLIS, APRIL 12th, 1893.

DEAR MR. BROOKS :—

Your invitation to the meeting of the Institute in memory of Doctor Wheatland was the first notice to me of his death.

The great distance, of course, prevents my presence, but I doubt that any one, who will be there, realizes more fully than I do the inestimable service and the unvarying devotion he has shown the institution ever since he became a member of it.

For many years, few were more constant frequenters of it, and more earnest users of its stores than myself, and my daily intercourse with him acquainted me with his rare and valuable qualities, and his entire use of them for

the benefit of the work he had so much at heart, and by which, the community—one may say, the country—has so largely profited.

I hope his portrait shall be added to its collection, and, although the Institute itself is his best monument, *cere perennius*, yet a bust also should stand there, a personification to coming generations of the man to whom they will owe so much.

With a deep sense of personal loss,

Yours very truly,

STANLEY WATERS.

MR. HENRY M. BROOKS,

Sec'y of the Essex Institute.

WEST NEWBURY NATURAL HISTORY CLUB;

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.

WEST NEWBURY, MASS., APRIL 13, 1893.

To Robert S. Rantoul, Chairman, Edward S. Morse, and others, Committee, Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.

The undersigned, by direction and on behalf of the club, beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the meeting of the Essex Institute, to be held April 17, in memory of the late Henry Wheatland; and, in expressing regret at their inability to be present on that occasion, to extend sympathy in the great loss sustained, and communicate a word of tribute to one, who, while laboring with great devotion and eminent success for the Institute, took a kindly interest in the organizations which have sprung from it. His work will be an enduring monument and an inspiring example.

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| WILLIAM MERRILL, JR., | } Committee. |
| M. WALSH BARTLETT, | |
| D. E. M. CARLETON. | |

BOLTON, APRIL 14, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—

I thank you for the invitation to be with you and others of the Essex Institute, in commemoration of Doctor Wheatland. It would give me pleasure to accept this invitation, both out of respect to his memory and out of the affection which will not die out of my heart for the city, ancient to us, in which his life was spent. But if there were no hindrances besides, that of age must put it beyond my hope. And it is hardly necessary for me to repeat what every one knows so well, how thoroughly its late president was devoted to the society with which he had been so long and so intimately connected,—so intimately that I have sometimes said that he was the Essex Institute. And yet I could never forget the many so worthy and so faithful, who have worked with him, nor can doubt that the younger will approve themselves fit successors of those who have gone before them. May the Institute fulfil the highest aspirations of its pioneer, and the city be forever true to its name.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS T. STONE.

MR. HENRY M. BROOKS, SALEM.

CABINET OF THE RHODE ISLAND
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., APRIL 14, 1893.

MR. HENRY M. BROOKS,
Sec'y Essex Institute.

DEAR SIR,

No word of mine could add to the honor of your lamented president, Dr. Henry Wheatland. He is a public benefactor outside of Salem and of Massachusetts. His name has

been spoken with honor at many of the meetings of this society. He became a corresponding member of our society in 1873 and we are indebted to him for many valuable suggestions. Unless prevented by some unforeseen event I will be with you next Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

Very truly yours,
AMOS PERRY, Secy.

DR. OLIVER writes under date of

BOSTON, APRIL 14th, 1893.

. . . Such simplicity and perfect *naturalness* of character it is rare to find in a single individual. He possessed also, in an eminent degree, sincere kindliness of heart and unselfishness. In the descriptions of his character which will be given at the meeting to his memory, no one, I think, will wholly succeed in portraying it exactly to such as did not know him personally. Among those who will speak I hope that there will be at least one, who will mention the very great influence Doctor Wheatland had upon the younger portion of the community in which he lived, in directing their attention to the love of nature. It would be interesting to know how many of the large number of persons, reared in Salem, who have attained eminence in scientific pursuits, were first led to their favorite study through the influence of Doctor Wheatland; and how many persons, amateurs in various branches of science, derived their interest in these pursuits from his inspiration. I remember vividly, as a boy, wandering with my fellows through the woods and fields around Salem, searching for anything which might come to hand in the way of natural history. Any object strange to us would be sure to elicit from one of our number the remark, "Well, Doctor Wheatland will tell us

what it is." In my own college class at Harvard, of the members from Salem, eight in number, two became presidents of the *Harvard Natural History Society*, and their interest in the objects of the Society had a marked influence upon their future careers.

Assuring you again of my regret at not being able to be present at the meeting,

I am very faithfully yours,

HENRY K. OLIVER, M. D.

Hon^{ble} Robert S. Rantoul.

BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL 14, 1893.

To Messrs. Robert S. Rantoul, Chairman, Edward S. Morse, Charles S. Osgood, David Pingree, Sidney Perley, John Robinson, Thomas F. Hunt, Henry M. Brooks, Secretary, Committee :

GENTLEMEN :—

I thank you for your gratifying invitation to attend the meeting of the Essex Institute, "in memory of its late president, Henry Wheatland," on Monday evening next.

I regret that I must deprive myself of the pleasure of being present. It must have required these many months of enforced exile on his part, to accustom his fellow members, as they met, to the thought that the Institute could be at all *itself*, without Doctor Wheatland.

Seldom has any man become so identified with an institution or had its interests so much *at heart*. Indeed, it will be hard for you not to feel that he is still with you—a silent guest—at your meeting on Monday.

I remain, gentlemen,

Respectfully and thankfully yours,

WILLIAM ORNE WHITE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 17, 1893.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE:

To my grief that our beloved president will not again be with us is added my disappointment at not being with you to-night to join in the tributes of love and honor that will be offered to his memory. Imperative duties keep me here in connection with the great work which no one would have more highly appreciated or have felt a greater personal interest in than my life-long friend.

As a child I loved nature, and my parents, encouraging my tastes, brought me to the notice of Doctor Wheatland. Memory takes me back to my boyhood before I had entered my teens when, in the small room of the old Institute, known as the "Doctor's Den," I began to dissect animals and prepare skeletons under the Doctor's guidance, while many a day was passed with him on collecting expeditions in the fields or on the shore, with an occasional afternoon's dredging in the harbor. The Doctor was geologist, mineralogist, botanist, zoölogist,—in a word, a thorough naturalist of the old school. He was the first to cast a dredge in our waters, and it was his aim to have in the Institute a perfect representation of the natural history of Essex County. His enthusiasm and his persistency under trials and difficulties, and his philosophical method of overcoming them, his faith that in time the Institute would receive the unsolicited support of thoughtful and cultivated citizens, inspired me as it did many others, both young and old; and to his faith and earnest work is due the Institute of to-day. For this realization, and for all the Institute has done for science and history, we of two generations are indebted to the earnest persistency of our guide, our friend, our president.

Doctor Wheatland's influence guided my youth and

shaped my course in life. He was my father in science and to him, with the consent of my parents, am I indebted for my instruction under Agassiz, Wyman and Gray. It was he who answered Agassiz' letter that took me to Cambridge when a boy of sixteen, and his kindly interest in all that concerned me, combined with my faith in him and his work, united us more and more closely as time passed on, and together we worked most earnestly for the development of the Institute. Knowing him as intimately as I did, I could understand and appreciate his earnest character and his all-absorbing interest in his cherished Institute, and thus I joined in all his schemes with the enthusiasm and hope of youth.

In the old days, our constant trouble was to secure the means of purchasing alcohol and jars for the collections we made, and to pay the taxidermist's bills for mounting our birds, with the still greater difficulty of providing cases for the museum and shelves for the books. Under the Doctor's persistent efforts, specimens and books came faster to our halls than money for their care. These were the trying hours. Often did the Doctor start off early in the morning, with a wagon load of boys, to gather evergreen and wild flowers with which to decorate our halls for a horticultural show or a fair, and, on our return, there would be found in the rooms a large number of ladies, enlisted in the cause, who soon had the walls covered with festoons of green and clusters of flowers. All Salem was interested then to make the object a success, while all engaged in the immediate work looked to the Doctor as the leader and guide. These efforts, with now and then a course of lectures or a subscription paper, enabled the Institute to live and prosper, and the interest with which the Doctor kept account of the expenses and receipts, and tried by every means to make the profits a little larger,

led all to economize and continue their efforts. These practical lessons in economy were an aid to the Institute in becoming a success and securing the support of the community, who realized that there was no waste in the management and that a dollar in the Doctor's hands would accomplish much. Nor can we forget the faithful care he took of the Institute building and its valuable property; how, day by day, and night by night, in summer and in winter, his ever watchful eye and ready hand were working for the safety of the building and its contents. Never receiving a single cent for his services, but always giving to the Institute from his own limited means, he was its faithful personal guardian until his physical infirmities became so great he could no longer make his late, nightly visit in the dark to every room in the building from attic to cellar, to be sure no fire-spark would destroy in a night the accumulations of years. Often have I made these nightly visits with him, when I have implored him to let some younger person perform the self-imposed duty, but his reply always was that he could not sleep until he was sure all was safe at the Institute. Never has property given for the promotion of learning had a more faithful custodian; never has a trust been more honestly guarded.

After his efforts to build up a museum of natural and local history and a library had reached such a success as to make it desirable to enter wider fields, and, as he often said, "by reflected light be better understood at home", the Doctor was an earnest advocate for publishing the records of the doings of the Institute. He argued that there were other communities doing similar work, and that an exchange of publications would be mutually beneficial and certainly would make the work of the Institute known to the world; that, if what was being done was worth doing, it ought to be known, and by publication the

researches of one generation should be made available for others to come. This led to our Proceedings, Historical Collections, and Bulletins, and certainly they have proved the soundness of the Doctor's philosophy. They have made the Institute known wherever culture has a foothold, and they have brought to our shelves the researches of thinkers from all lands. Should all that we have here in these buildings which make our home be destroyed by fire, as our guardian so much feared, the work of the Institute, and what he accomplished by his devotion and love of culture, would still live in the annals of Science and History.

Well knowing the great desire of our departed President to secure the means of publishing the researches of the members of the Institute and placing our series of publications on a permanent basis, I am confident that no memorial to him would be more in keeping with the great object of his life than the establishment of a fund, the income of which should be expended in publishing the scientific and historical researches of the Essex Institute. With such a fund, the work to which he devoted his long and useful life would continue in widely spreading directions, and I trust that some action will be taken by the members of the Institute with this desirable end in view. What greater honor can we do him for all time to come than to print, on volumes that may hereafter issue from the Essex Institute, the words,

Published by the Henry Wheatland Memorial Fund?

Regretting that I am forced to send these few lines from a distant city, instead of adding my voice to those who to-night will suggest that some permanent memorial of our beloved friend be established,

I am, in deep sympathy with the cause of this meeting,

The devoted servant of the Institute,

F. W. PUTNAM.

APRIL 17, 1893.

HENRY M. BROOKS, ESQ.,

Secretary of Essex Institute, Salem.

DEAR SIR,

I have received the invitation of the Essex Institute, and it would certainly be a great satisfaction to me to be present and share your sympathetic tribute to the memory of my dear and honored classmate, Henry Wheatland; but the infirmities of age restrict my movements to a very limited circle. I must trust to an opportunity to read the good words which will be said in the addresses made on that occasion. The best that will be said of Wheatland will have my fullest sympathy.

When I recall his venerable and Dantesque profile, his uniform sweetness and simplicity of nature and of character, his sincere devotion and regard for truth in his favorite sciences, his fine powers of thought and observation, his friendly interest in all about him, and his zealous efforts to rescue from oblivion all precious bits of personal history; and when I think how heartily he used to come to the reunions of our little remnant of a class, each time renewing the impression of these lovely traits of mind and character, I feel how much we have lost in these last years by his involuntary absence. His heart, we knew, was with us, though physically he was confined at home.

In him is withdrawn the last living representative of the large company—some seventeen in all—from Salem, who started on our college course with us. Now only eight are left of the then large class of 1832. Soon we too shall be called away. Would that we all might leave as sweet and pure a record as the friend whom you now meet to commemorate!

Sincerely yours,

JOHN S. DWIGHT,

Secretary of the Class of 1832.

1 West Cedar street, Boston.

WILLIAM B. TRASK writes in behalf of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society, as follows :

18 CLAPP PLACE, DORCHESTER,
APRIL 18, 1893.

HENRY M. BROOKS, ESQ.,
Secretary Essex Institute.

DEAR SIR:—

. . . The Doctor was a dear friend of mine, through many, many years, esteemed for his sterling virtues, sociability, love, and self-forgetfulness. How ready he was to help others ; wedded, as it were, to the Essex Institute. Anything and everything he could do to help that institution seemed to be his aim and object. What would the "Institute" have been without Doctor Wheatland, especially in its infancy, and what the Doctor, without the "Institute"?

Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. TRASK.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
MAY 1, 1893.

DEAR MR. RANTOUL,

I regret exceedingly that I was not able to be present at the Memorial Meeting, held in honor of the memory of Dr. Henry Wheatland. One can but feebly express in the limits of a letter the sentiments of regret for the loss of an old friend, whose life was so rich in deeds that men love to honor as was that of Doctor Wheatland.

I was one of the company of young naturalists, two already dead, who gathered about the Essex Institute in the days immediately preceeding the founding of the

Peabody Academy of Science, and I shall always be grateful for the almost paternal care and kindness shown by him to myself and others.

Doctor Wheatland has always ranked in my memory as, perhaps, the most perfect type of unselfish devotion to science with whom I ever had the good fortune to come in contact. In my long and often intimate connection with him, both in the Essex Institute and Peabody Academy of Science, personal ambition did not seem to exist in his mind, and I cannot recall an instance or discussion in which the welfare of those two institutions, or of the public, was not the main question.

We never had to consider what effect any proposition might have on his personal interests, and in fact, so far as I can recall, he absolutely had none.

He was, nevertheless, a strong, self-reliant man who had worked his way through difficulties of no light character. He loved to tell us of the times of his youth when his own people ridiculed the work he was doing, and the public esteemed such occupations to be on a par with the juvenile pursuits of hunting birds' nests and collecting postage stamps. But he succeeded in winning the respect of all classes, and in making the Essex Institute an important factor in the education of the people of Essex County and a pioneer and example for other similar institutions throughout the United States.

Nor were these his sole drawbacks; he had constantly to contend with bodily infirmities in his earlier years, and a man of greater selfishness, and less gifted with firmness of will and mental power, would have considered himself as incapable of grappling with any work beyond that of self-preservation.

His constitutional disabilities did prevent him from entering the field of investigation in natural history, for

which it was well known that he had a decided taste. This he always felt to be an unavoidable personal loss.

Others have no doubt described his life fully, and honored it, as it deserved, with the praise that goes with good deeds. I write simply to express my personal respect and love for a man whose example and friendship are treasured in my memory and have deeply influenced my own views.

Yours respectfully,

ALPHEUS HYATT.

The Buffalo Historical Society, the Beverly Historical Society, the Watertown Historical Society, and other correspondents from various sections of the country, also forwarded their tributes of respect.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF DOCTOR HENRY WHEATLAND.

BY HENRY M. BROOKS, SECRETARY OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.

Upon the organization of the Essex Institute in 1848, I became a member of that Society. I had known Doctor Wheatland for some years ; but at this time our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. The historical work of the Institute interested me greatly ; and, in the hours I could spare from business, much of my time was spent in soliciting donations for its library and cabinets, besides doing what I could to procure members. These facts are now mentioned simply to show that my knowledge of the Doctor and his ways dates back to the early days of the Society. The impression formed of him at that time has never changed. He was always a patient, persistent and painstaking person ; but never obtrusive, nor enthusiastic in the ordinary meaning of the term, or at least he was not demonstrative, as far as my observation extended. He was thoroughly devoted to the interests of the Institute. He often talked with me on this subject, and he has said frequently that he had never asked anyone to become a member. While desirous of increasing the membership and of procuring books, historical relics, etc.,—I might say, anxious to do all this,—he did not appear to be so. I noticed particularly that when books or other things were donated, he never was very emphatic in expressing thanks to the donor, but merely said “we should like them very well” ; sometimes he was so indifferent that

donors were uncertain whether their gifts were valued. Some persons have said to me, "Do you think the Doctor wanted that book?" Upon being assured that he did, they would say, "He seemed so indifferent that I was afraid he did not care for it." Upon speaking to the Doctor about it, he would say that he did not like to appear too greedy for things, or to give people the impression that he was too anxious for their contributions. He was, in fact, extremely modest and unassuming, and this is one explanation of his apparent indifference. He disliked, as he said, "to make a fuss about things." The Institute never was conducted on the "mutual admiration" plan.

He had a strong appreciation of humor. He often said to me, "you are just like C. . . . ; you must always have some funny character or incident to write or talk about." "You don't take any interest in great men like"; naming a number of prominent individuals, "but you must dig out some queer old person like"; naming some well-known, quaint character; and then he would laugh heartily and add, "isn't it so, Henry,—d'ye get my meaning?" As much as he studied up dry facts and dates, he was ready to joke about it with any one who was disposed to take a humorous view of such things.

He was, through life, very temperate in his habits, abstaining from spirits and tobacco; but he never spoke of it, nor gave any advice to others on the subject, unless his advice was asked. He was very abstemious in regard to food, eating only plain, substantial things, using neither butter, milk nor gravy; was regular in his sleep, and careful of his health, which in early life had been delicate. He told me that when he had finished his studies at Cambridge he was in poor health and felt that he should live

but a few years, and so concluded not to practise medicine and take upon himself too much work, but to devote his time to the study of natural history, and to "take things easy." With this feeling he was led to the formation, with other associates, of the Essex County Natural History Society in 1833-4. Living in the open air, his health at length improved so much that he was able to increase his work. All know what a worker he was for so many years. He began quite early to be interested in Genealogy and Civil History, in the Essex Historical Society, then located over the Salem Bank in Pickman Place, and in the museum of the East India Marine Society, of which at one time he had the charge. This was before the organization of the Essex Institute.

The Doctor was always very neat in his dress, which was quite simple and inexpensive. He would have looked odd enough with a pin or ring or a conspicuous watch-chain about his person. With regard to his clothes he said, "those who know me don't care how I dress, and for those who don't know me I don't care." From the time I first knew Doctor Wheatland he had but one fashion for his coat. It was always made with numerous and capacious pockets, in some of which he had a store of waste paper and twine, so that he was ready to wrap up anything that might be given to him for the Institute, and thus save some delay. He even carried the scissors to cut the twine. He was very careful to keep his feet warm and dry, and wore rubber overshoes well into the summer. Some one said, referring to this habit, "he left his rubbers off in July and put them on in August." Of an economical and saving turn, he used small scraps of paper and old envelopes to make memoranda on, when there was plenty of paper at his disposal, but his early habit of saving clung to him through life. He had an old lead pencil which looked as if it had been used

for years and not mended often. But all this saving was not for his own benefit.

He had no ear for music, yet always bought tickets in the Oratorio and other concerts, to do what little he could, as I have heard him remark, "to help them along." I recollect once asking him if he expected to attend a particular concert. He said, "I generally wait and then if I find there is to be a slim attendance I buy a ticket or tickets." In this way he showed his interest in what was going on. Although, as I have said, he was not fond of music himself, he regarded it as an important part of education, tending to refinement of taste and culture. He felt the same in regard to all artistic matters. He was not interested in poetry, and informed some one who wished him to buy a ticket for a Shakespeare reading that he "never read a line of Shakespeare in his life," and I believe he said the same thing with regard to the other great poets; but he liked to see others interested in music and poetry. In short he was in favor of all things that tended to enlighten and elevate the community, but, of course, had his own specialties for study. Science, History and Genealogy were the subjects most to his taste.

Upon finishing his studies, Doctor Wheatland made a voyage to England where he spent some months in London and its vicinity. I think this voyage was undertaken on account of his delicate health, of which I have already spoken. But at this time a Salem boy's education was hardly complete without a sea voyage or two.

About the year 1840 he took a trip to Fayal in a whale ship belonging to Hon. S. C. Phillips, taking with him two of Mr. Phillips' sons,—George and Willard,—who were then out of health, and the Doctor accompanied them at the request of Mr. Phillips. He was absent but a month or two at this time, and, a year later, made a voyage to Para, where he studied the properties and uses of

caoutchouc and became so addicted to the use of rubber over-shoes that, it was said, he once appeared in them on parade in the Infantry. About 1842, the Doctor became much interested in the schools of Salem and was associated on the school committee with the Mayor, Mr. Phillips. Here the Doctor did a great work spending, as he has often told me, night after night for months with Mr. Phillips, sometimes until midnight, working out educational plans for the benefit of the public schools.

He was for years a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and it was largely through his influence that one of the State Normal Schools was located in Salem, and that Broad street was diverted from the side of the graveyard and the line of High street, to accommodate the building.

Probably no one ever gave so much time to the interests of our schools as Doctor Wheatland. He was elected on the committee for years, and the value of his services was acknowledged by all.

When any important interest in the cause of education or science in the city or state was to be fostered, Doctor Wheatland was generally consulted as one who knew what ought to be done. So when the first Commission on the State Fisheries was appointed, the Doctor was made a member of the board, and was its principal scientific authority. It may be interesting in this connection to read Governor Gardner's letter inviting Doctor Wheatland to become a member of this Commission. Here it is.

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, 31 MAY, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:

You probably know the Legislature have passed a Resolve regarding the Artificial Propagation of Fish. Hav-

ing great regard for your connection with Natural Science, it gives me great pleasure to tender you the post as one of the three Commissioners. Please advise me at as early a day as possible if you will accept.

Yours resp'y &c.,

HENRY J. GARDNER.

DR. HENRY WHEATLAND, SALEM."

The other Commissioners were the Hon. Reuben A. Chapman of Springfield and Capt. N. E. Atwood of Provincetown. Prof. F. W. Putnam informs me that he accompanied the Doctor on his trip to Provincetown to meet Capt. Atwood. Massachusetts was the first state to establish a State Commission of Inland Fisheries.

The Doctor was not much interested in politics. He took no part further than to cast his vote at elections. I do not remember ever hearing him discuss the topic. He thought all political excitement foolish and unnecessary in itself, and out of place in connection with the Institute, where people of all parties and creeds were welcomed. So the Doctor never encouraged, in the Institute rooms, talks on politics or theology.

Doctor Wheatland was very interesting in conversation. It sometimes seemed as if in his specialties he knew everything. He had a very modest way of expressing himself, using very simple words, never monopolizing the conversation as some great talkers do ; but listened patiently for a reply, or for any question, without interrupting the speaker. It seemed as though he never met any one to whom he could not tell something about his ancestors. The first time he met Governor Andrew, he astonished him by telling him all about his Salem connections. I have often been amused to hear him discourse in answer to some question on a biographical or historical matter. He

would begin perhaps many years back, and his reply to the question came in, in the course of his remarks, making a charming little story which invariably appeared to interest the hearers greatly. He often began in this way—"It seems that in 17 * * there was a man who came to Salem from England," etc., and he would go on making quite a story of it. "It seems" was his favorite formula for beginning a statement. If it happened to be a question on some scientific subject, he made it just as entertaining to the listeners. And yet he never boasted of any special knowledge on any of these subjects; but on the contrary often said, "I don't know much about it," when asked in relation to matters on which he was known to possess a remarkable store of information.

One marked characteristic of Doctor Wheatland was his wonderful hopefulness and faith in the success of his plans. Especially was this manifested in reference to the Institute. "It will come out all right,—I never worry about things," he used to say. He never was uneasy nor excited about what could not be helped, even if sometimes he seemed to be irritated about trifling matters. At the time of the Civil War, when there were days of darkness and despondency with most people, he always appeared to me cheerful, and I often heard him remark, "I don't have any fears of the result; I guess things will come right finally."

Who would have supposed Doctor Wheatland to be a military man? Yet he became a member of the Salem Light Infantry as early as 1833, and thought he derived some benefit to his health from military drill. He always took a marked interest in the company and has appeared in the ranks among the "veterans" within a few years. I remember seeing him in the active company in full uniform—blue coat, red trimmings, white trousers, helmet

with flowing red horse-hair and white ostrich feather! He did not appear to me to be singular then, but as I think of him now as a *soldier* I am amused, because he generally had such a mild, peaceful look.

I have said the Doctor had not much taste for poetry, yet how much like a poet he looked. Taking a profile view of his head, it seemed to require only the wreath around it to make a picture of Dante. I think he once appeared in tableaux in that character. To see the placid look he generally wore, one could hardly believe that his temper could ever be ruffled; but upon occasion he could show his indignation like some other great men. I think he was impatient of captious criticism of his plans, and greatly annoyed at any unpleasant interference. He was, at the same time, always ready to listen to the suggestions of others if offered in a proper spirit.

The Doctor was never a fluent speaker in public, and lacked a good voice. He told me that, at school and in college, he was excused from declaiming, so that he "never spoke a piece." He spoke in a very low tone, and often stammered, and his thoughts seemed to come so fast that he could not furnish words readily. But what he said was always important and instructive to those who heard him. He was a very ready writer, using a good, clear style, with great simplicity of language; in short, writing "plain English." I think he rarely, if ever, used any foreign terms. I do not of course refer to his scientific writings. I have before me some of his school compositions, written when he was at the Latin school in Salem from 1826 to 1828. They show here and there slight corrections by the master (Eames); but, for a boy thirteen to fifteen years old, they are pretty good specimens. The subjects are curious ones for the Doctor; among others, "The Character of Washington," and "The Proper Observance of the Sabbath." He was graduated at Harvard in 1832.

He belonged to the unusually large class entering in 1828. Salem furnished about one-fifth of all who entered college that year. It may be of some interest to know the names of those who went to college with him. There were Haley Forrester Barstow, Charles Timothy Brooks, George Wm. Cleveland, William Sewall Cleveland, William Fabens, William Prescott Gibbs, Charles Grafton Page, Archer Ropes, John Boardman Silsbee, John Henry Silsbee, William Silsbee, Augustus Story, John Treadwell, William Henry West, and Henry Wheatland, all of Salem, and Samuel Rantoul of Beverly. Perhaps it may not be out of place to mention here, as the Doctor always did, that several Salem young men entered other colleges the same year. The Doctor always took a great interest in his class, keeping the run of the different members and making notes about them from time to time. He often aided those who needed it. He was constant at class meetings whenever he could get there.

Doctor Wheatland was married to Miss Mary Catherine Mack, Feb. 3, 1858. She was the daughter of Elisha and Catherine Sewall (Orne) Mack. She was born Sept. 25, 1816, and died Feb. 13, 1862. They had no children.

From childhood and for many years the Doctor was a regular attendant upon the services at the North church, but of late years he had spent his Sundays quietly at home. He had sometimes spoken to me about it and said that he had so much to do during the week, and so many interruptions, he had got into the habit of spending his Sundays in writing and reading. He was not an agnostic. While a Unitarian in his views, he had great respect for people of all creeds and schools, however much they might differ from him. He had no love for controversy, and believed in what Dean Stanley called "Our Common Christianity." To show his feeling for the North church and "Parson Willson," as he generally spoke of him, he

took quite an interest in, and was the principal compiler of, the volume on the centennial anniversary of the Society, printed in 1872.

The Doctor's last appearance upon a public occasion was on the evening of "Forefathers' Day," Dec. 21, 1890, in Cadet Hall, at a meeting of the Essex Congregational Club, to which he was specially invited as an honored guest. It was only a few days after that he had an ill turn from the effects of which he never recovered; but, after more than two years' confinement, he passed away quietly on Feb. 27, 1893, at the age of 81 years, 1 month and 16 days, at the house of his brother George whose death preceded his by only a week.

I must leave the summing up of Dr. Wheatland's character to others, but I may safely say that he was one of the most useful men who have lived in Salem in recent years.

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